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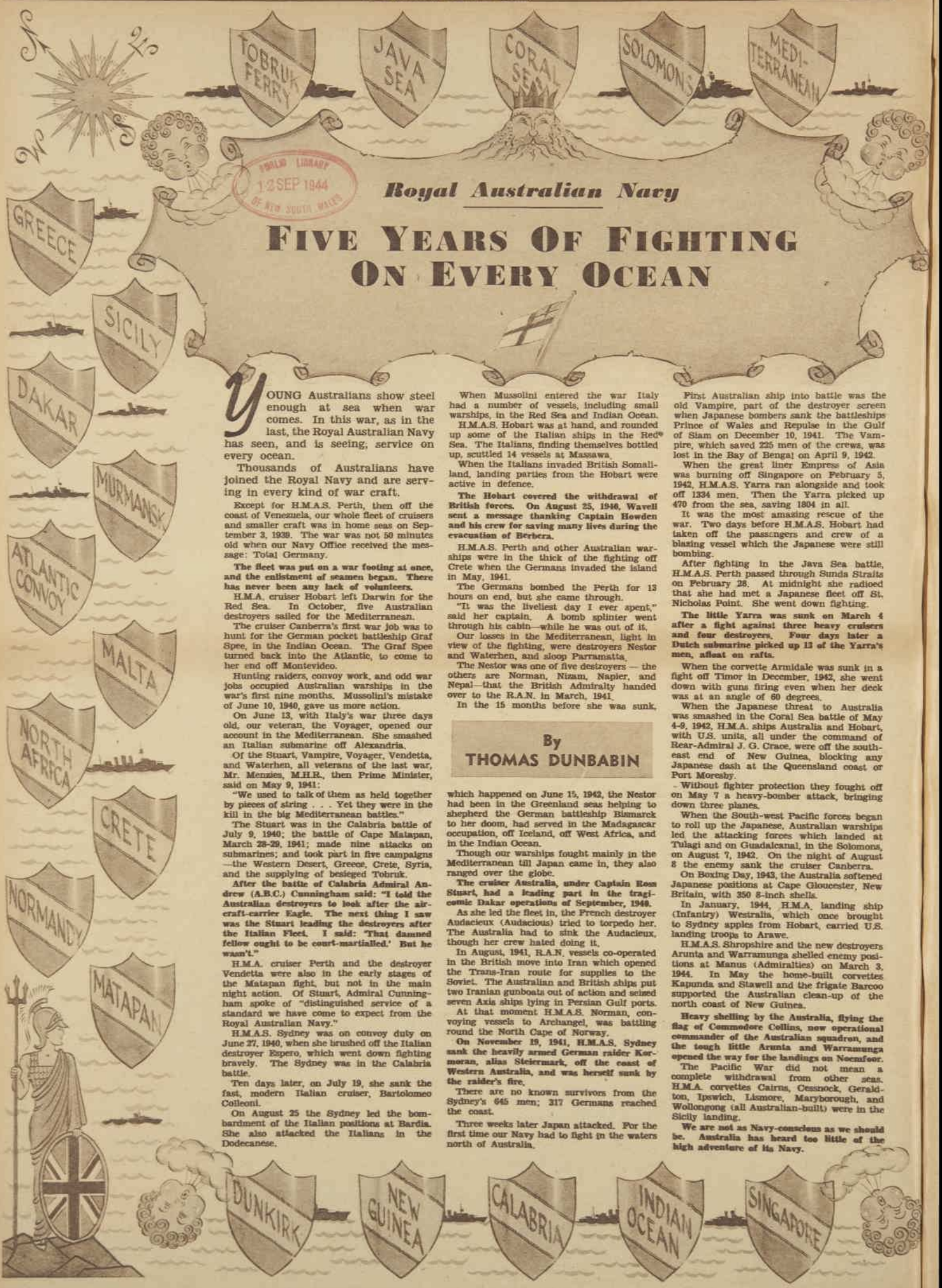

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Royal Australian Navy

FIVE YEARS OF FIGHTING ON EVERY OCEAN

YOUNG Australians show steel enough at sea when war comes. In this war, as in the last, the Royal Australian Navy has seen, and is seeing, service on every ocean.

Thousands of Australians have joined the Royal Navy and are serving in every kind of war craft.

Except for H.M.A.S. Perth, then off the coast of Venezuela, our whole fleet of cruisers and smaller craft was in home seas on September 3, 1939. The war was not 50 minutes old when our Navy Office received the message: Total Germany.

The fleet was put on a war footing at once, and the enlistment of seamen began. There has never been any lack of volunteers.

H.M.A. cruiser Hobart left Darwin for the Red Sea. In October, five Australian destroyers sailed for the Mediterranean.

The cruiser Canberra's first war job was to hunt for the German pocket battleship Graf Spee, in the Indian Ocean. The Graf Spee turned back into the Atlantic, to come to her end off Montevideo.

Hunting raiders, convoy work, and odd war jobs occupied Australian warships in the war's first nine months. Mussolini's mistake of June 10, 1940, gave us more action.

On June 13, with Italy's war three days old, our veteran, the Voyager, opened our account in the Mediterranean. She smashed an Italian submarine off Alexandria.

Of the Stuart, Vampire, Voyager, Vendetta, and Waterhen, all veterans of the last war, Mr. Menzies, M.H.R., then Prime Minister, said on May 9, 1941:

"We used to talk of them as held together by pieces of string . . . Yet they were in the kill in the big Mediterranean battles."

The Stuart was in the Calabria battle of July 9, 1940; the battle of Cape Matapan, March 28-29, 1941; made nine attacks on submarines; and took part in five campaigns —the Western Desert, Greece, Crete, Syria, and the supplying of besieged Tobruk.

After the battle of Calabria Admiral Andrew (A.B.C.) Cunningham said: "I told the Australian destroyers to look after the aircraft-carrier Eagle. The next thing I saw was the Stuart leading the destroyers after the Italian Fleet. I said: 'That damned fellow ought to be court-martialled.' But he wasn't."

H.M.A. cruiser Perth and the destroyer Vendetta were also in the early stages of the Matapan fight, but not in the main night action. Of Stuart, Admiral Cunningham spoke of "distinguished service of a standard we have come to expect from the Royal Australian Navy."

H.M.A.S. Sydney was on convoy duty on June 27, 1940, when she brushed off the Italian destroyer Espero, which went down fighting bravely. The Sydney was in the Calabria battle.

Ten days later, on July 19, she sank the fast, modern Italian cruiser, Bartolomeo Colleoni.

On August 25 the Sydney led the bombardment of the Italian positions at Bardia. She also attacked the Italians in the Dodecanese.

When Mussolini entered the war Italy had a number of vessels, including small warships, in the Red Sea and Indian Ocean.

H.M.A.S. Hobart was at hand, and rounded up some of the Italian ships in the Red Sea. The Italians, finding themselves bottled up, scuttled 14 vessels at Massawa.

When the Italians invaded British Somaliland, landing parties from the Hobart were active in defence.

The Hobart covered the withdrawal of British forces. On August 25, 1940, Wavell sent a message thanking Captain Howden and his crew for saving many lives during the evacuation of Berbera.

H.M.A.S. Perth and other Australian warships were in the thick of the fighting off Crete when the Germans invaded the island in May, 1941.

The Germans bombed the Perth for 13 hours on end, but she came through.

"It was the liveliest day I ever spent," said her captain. A bomb splinter went through his cabin—while he was out of it.

Our losses in the Mediterranean, light in view of the fighting, were destroyers Nestor and Waterhen, and sloop Parramatta.

The Nestor was one of five destroyers — the others are Norman, Nizam, Napier, and Nepal—that the British Admiralty handed over to the R.A.N. in March, 1941.

In the 15 months before she was sunk,

By THOMAS DUNBABIN

which happened on June 15, 1942, the Nestor had been in the Greenland seas helping to shepherd the German battleship Bismarck to her doom, had served in the Madagascar occupation, off Iceland, off West Africa, and in the Indian Ocean.

Though our warships fought mainly in the Mediterranean till Japan came in, they also ranged over the globe.

The cruiser Australia, under Captain Ross Stuart, had a leading part in the tragicomic Dakar operations of September, 1940.

As she led the fleet in, the French destroyer Audacieux (Audacious) tried to torpedo her. The Australia had to sink the Audacieux, though her crew hated doing it.

In August, 1941, R.A.N. vessels co-operated in the British move into Iran which opened the Trans-Iran route for supplies to the Soviet. The Australian and British ships put two Iranian gunboats out of action and seized seven Axis ships lying in Persian Gulf ports.

At that moment H.M.A.S. Norman, convoying vessels to Archangel, was battling round the North Cape of Norway.

On November 19, 1941, H.M.A.S. Sydney sank the heavily armed German raider Kormoran, alias Steiermark, off the coast of Western Australia, and was herself sunk by the raider's fire.

There are no known survivors from the Sydney's 645 men; 317 Germans reached the coast.

Three weeks later Japan attacked. For the first time our Navy had to fight in the waters north of Australia.

First Australian ship into battle was the old Vampire, part of the destroyer screen when Japanese bombers sank the battleships Prince of Wales and Repulse in the Gulf of Siam on December 10, 1941. The Vampire, which saved 225 men of the crews, was lost in the Bay of Bengal on April 9, 1942.

When the great liner Empress of Asia was burning off Singapore on February 5, 1942, H.M.A.S. Yarra ran alongside and took off 1334 men. Then the Yarra picked up 470 from the sea, saving 1804 in all.

It was the most amazing rescue of the war. Two days before H.M.A.S. Hobart had taken off the passengers and crew of a blazing vessel which the Japanese were still bombing.

After fighting in the Java Sea battle, H.M.A.S. Perth passed through Sunda Straits on February 28. At midnight she radioed that she had met a Japanese fleet off St. Nicholas Point. She went down fighting.

The little Yarra was sunk on March 4 after a fight against three heavy cruisers and four destroyers. Four days later a Dutch submarine picked up 13 of the Yarra's men, afloat on rafts.

When the corvette Armidale was sunk in a fight off Timor in December, 1942, she went down with guns firing even when her deck was at an angle of 60 degrees.

When the Japanese threat to Australia was smashed in the Coral Sea battle of May 4-9, 1942, H.M.A. ships Australia and Hobart, with U.S. units, all under the command of Rear-Admiral J. G. Crace, were off the south-east end of New Guinea, blocking any Japanese dash at the Queensland coast or Port Moresby.

Without fighter protection they fought off on May 7 a heavy-bomber attack, bringing down three planes.

When the South-west Pacific forces began to roll up the Japanese, Australian warships led the attacking forces which landed at Tulagi and on Guadalcanal, in the Solomons, on August 7, 1942. On the night of August 8 the enemy sank the cruiser Canberra.

On Boxing Day, 1943, the Australia softened Japanese positions at Cape Gloucester, New Britain, with 350 8-inch shells.

In January, 1944, H.M.A. landing ship (Infantry) Westralia, which once brought to Sydney apples from Hobart, carried U.S. landing troops to Arawe.

H.M.A.S. Shropshire and the new destroyers Arunta and Warramunga shelled enemy positions at Manus (Admiralties) on March 3, 1944. In May the home-built corvettes Kapunda and Stawell and the frigate Barcoo supported the Australian clean-up of the north coast of New Guinea.

Heavy shelling by the Australia, flying the flag of Commodore Collins, now operational commander of the Australian squadron, and the tough little Arunta and Warramunga opened the way for the landings on Noemfoor.

The Pacific War did not mean a complete withdrawal from other seas. H.M.A. corvettes Cairns, Cessnock, Geraldton, Ipswich, Lismore, Maryborough, and Wollongong (all Australian-built) were in the Sicily landing.

We are not as Navy-conscious as we should be. Australia has heard too little of the high adventure of its Navy.

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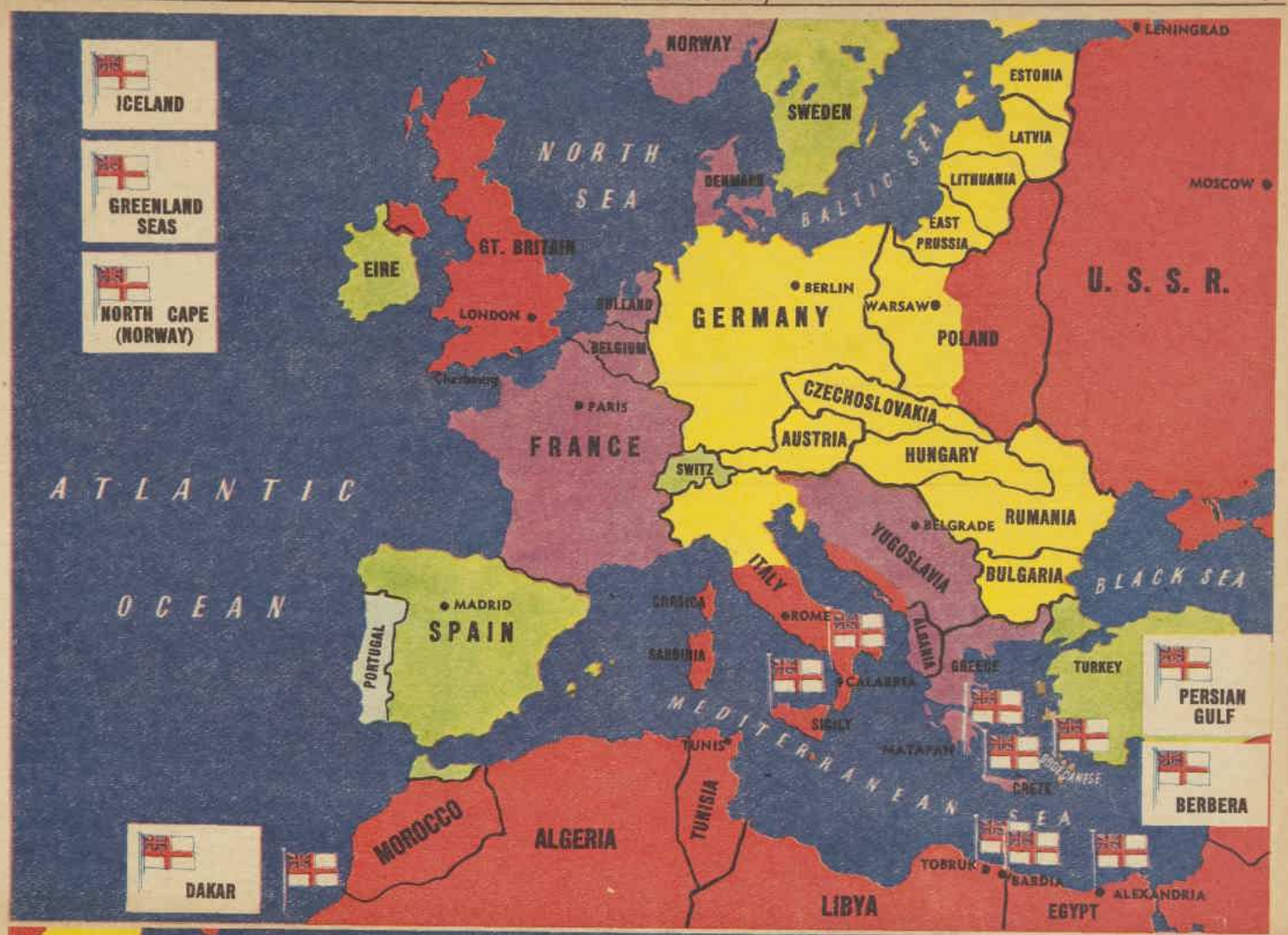

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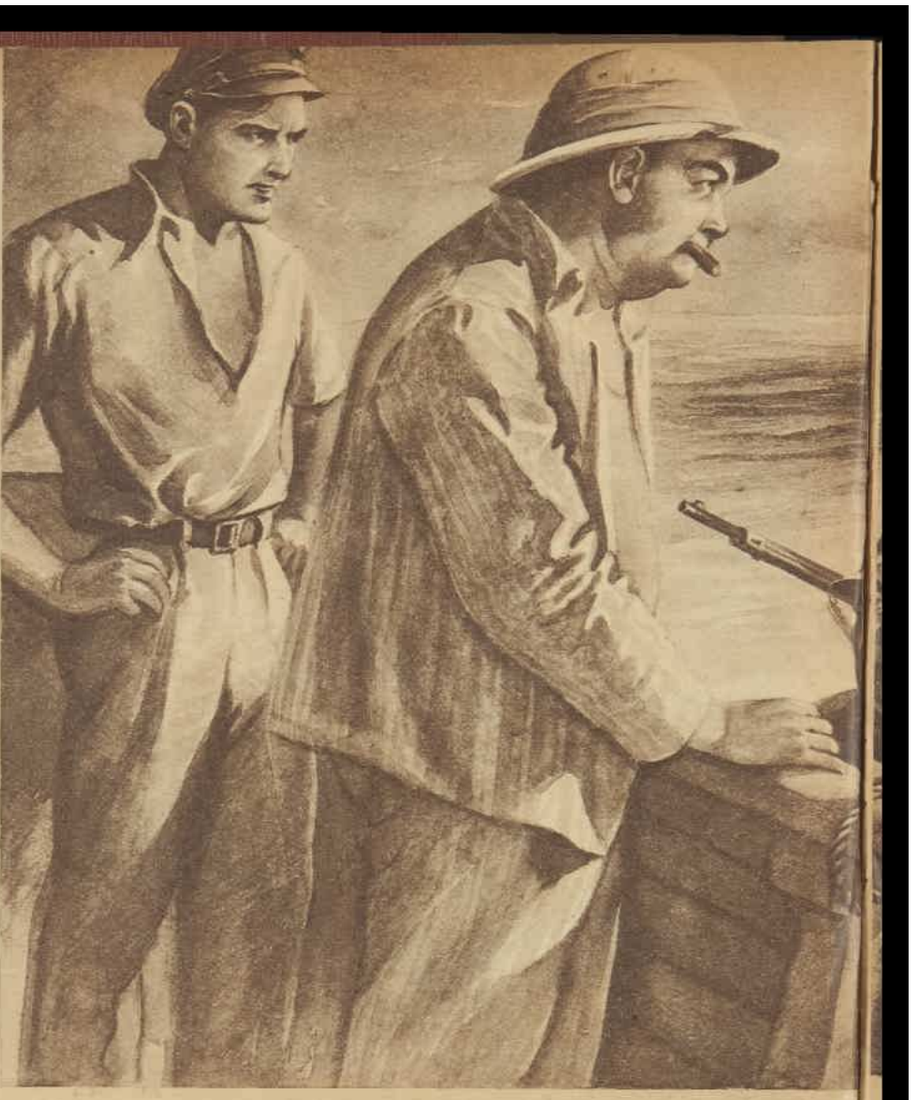
A Deal's a Deal



NONE of it made much sense at first. The Annabelle was slipping through a smooth green sea off the coast of Kapangi Island, and Porpoise Bailey had just come on the poop in the dawn wind.

"Y'know, Bill," he said. "I don't care for these government charters. They 'old a man down. We 'ears there's a new shell found off the Gilberts, for instance, but can we chase off pearling? Not a chance! It's deliver this cargo to th' army base at Lampi River or get tossed in the clink."

"The shell's probably wormy," I soothed him. "And anyway the boys have likely lifted the best of it by now."

"That's what's chewing me," he stated disconsolately. "If th' rest of the boys is under charter like me, O.K. We c'n all scramble for the pickings later. But knowing some of them, it's tuppence to a baked emu they ducked orders and are diving right now."

He was rambling further on the subject when we got a hail from the look-out, and we both turned fast. We weren't too jumpy actually. There wasn't supposed to be anything but a dead Jap closer than Port Moresby, but, times being what they were, you never can tell.

"Better take a look, Bill," said Porpoise soberly, and I shinned into the rigging with the glasses. And then I laughed.

"It's Timkins' crate, the Koomaloo!" I called down. "Rust all over and that cockeyed funnel with a for'ard list. Still carrying that red patch abaft Number Four hold, too. No mistaking her anywhere."

"Should've guessed it was Timkins from th' smoke," Porpoise agreed as I dropped beside him again. "Buys the worst coal south of th' Line. But what's 'e doing up here?"

"Government charter like us," I suggested reasonably, and he grunted. "Come to think of it," he observed as a sudden thought struck him, "Timkins owes me four quid. We was on a bender in Darwin one time and 'e blotted out on me and left me t' settle the bill. Sailed next morning afore I could grab 'im. Maybe he's changing course for us just special to divvy up, though that

ain't like Timkins, th' big-hearted rat!"

"It's not," I agreed, "but changing course he is."

Porpoise picked up the glasses to stare at the oncoming little tramp. We both saw the vivid flame of a shot then, and a shell skip-hopped across our bows in a manner there was no mistaking.

"What the devil!" I choked. "Has Timkins gone crazy?"

There was another shot, and this time it whined pretty near over our bowsprit. Porpoise lowered the glasses.

"Better 'eave to, Bill," he said quietly. "It's Timkins all right, but something's up." He stared, hard-eyed, at the Koomaloo, as puzzled as I was.

She was very close now, and Timkins was hanging his wiry, starved-looking body over the bridge wing with a megaphone at his wrinkled face, and he was yelling hysterically, "Belay there, Porpoise! No fighting!"

His voice cracked and his arms tossed about and he dropped suddenly back from sight.

"What does 'e think we'd fight with?" Porpoise demanded. "Belaying pins?"

But we both understood what Timkins meant when we saw snuff-colored faces and slant eyes appearing at the steamer's rail, curiously mixed up with what seemed to be Timkins' own crew. It still didn't make sense, but there it was. The Koomaloo's work boat came over, and in it were two Jap officers and four or five armed men, and they didn't waste time.

"Most unpleasant," said the leading officer grinning. "But very fortunate you stay alive. You are captain, yes?" He looked at me, I suppose because I was dressed, and Porpoise was still in pyjamas. I jerked a thumb at Porpoise.

"So," he said, shrugging. "Very curious to see captain so untidy. Very strange people, 'Stralians. Captain Timkins explain this schooner and give excellent suggestions, so we don't sink you yet."

They came aboard and he stood, straddle-legged and grinning, nursing his revolver butt, and then suddenly he sliced viciously at Porpoise's middle with the hard edge of his hand. Porpoise doubled up and turned white.

The Jap slapped him hard, and cut him across the stomach again, and I had a gun jammed in my back as I instinctively started forward. I'd been mate to Porpoise ten years and more, and you don't like to see your skipper battered round.

"What cargo?" asked the officer, smiling. "For where? Give me your papers."

Porpoise was too sick to go below, so I unlocked his desk for the visitors. They looted the cabins for trinkets and took Porpoise's cash-box, but principally they wanted our pilot charts for the coast. Then they kicked us all overside into the boat and pulled back to the Koomaloo.

There was no sign of Timkins when we got on deck, and no sign of his crew, but there were a lot of other Japs standing round, and we were herded into No. 2 hold, which had a hatch off one corner to let us down. Except that they didn't let Porpoise down.

They seemed to like manhandling him, even if it did take four of them to lift his groaning carcase, and they just threw him on top of the rest of us. Then the hatches were replaced and the ship's engine started. The gun she had aft began firing, too, and we all guessed they were shelling the Annabelle. Then the firing stopped.

I got Porpoise propped against the nearest bulkhead, and someone groped through the dark and took my shirt-front and stuck a face close to mine. It was Timkins.

"What a mess, Bill," he croaked. "Did they bust the old sea cow much?" He meant Porpoise.

I said, "I dunno. They ain't been petting him, that's certain."

"When I'm able," wheezed Porpoise, "I'll unravel you for a cabin mat, Jed Timkins. Bushing a chum like this."

"Wait'll you hear," Timkins snarled. "A few bruises ain't going to hurt your blubber. You'd 'a' got worse if I hadn't talked fast. They'd have shelled you, but they wanted coast charts bad, an' I ain't carrying the right ones, but as soon as I saw that slab-sided cow we was overhauling was the Annabelle, I figured you was saved if I told 'em you'd be carrying the works. I tossed in you and Bill were fair coast pilots, too, an' that lifted your bacon. That's how much I bushed you, cobber."

Porpoise tried to sit up. "Any time you push a favor, someone's paying off," he groaned. "I could've maybe made a run for the beach if you'd tipped me, and got me an' the crew away."

"Listen, you bald-headed coot," Timkins rasped. "Every time a patrol plane comes flying round, or a ship comes in sight, me and my boys is chased on deck and scattered round like we is cruising normal, see? Then I makes the right signals and give our number, and the plane or what it is chases off, satisfied. And why don't I tip you, you say? And why don't I tip the planes? 'Cause all hands has a Jap stuck behind with a gun set to blow their gizzards out.

"An' there ain't no faking for me neither. The Japs got my code books afore I could dump 'em, and they've a guy in the wireless shack all ready in case any questions pop in. Everything's checked and there ain't a chance. So chew on that, mister."

Porpoise grunted. "How'd it all come about? You ain't th' kind-hearted sort of chum what heaves Japs aboard on a fishing line."

"That's just about what I did do!" Timkins snarled. "I discharged cargo at Coomb's Landing, and then went 'way round to Herne Cove to water at the spring there.

"But I'd scarce anchored—after dark, it was—when a lot of canoes and rafts jumped me and the yeller rats swarmed aboard. Took over complete, and I was laid out cold afore I knew it.

"Came to at sea with them slapping me about, and then I was stood on the bridge to show m'self to a 'Stralian destroyer, and when her skipper was satisfied and had shoved off, the head Jap spilled the works. I guess he felt so pleased with hisself he was just busting to talk."

"Which shows 'e'd never heard of you," Porpoise commented.

I told him to shut up and hear Timkins out.

"He'd better listen, Bill," Timkins agreed. "We're in a bad spot. Well, anyway, it figures down these Japs is part of a crowd that got licked in that Moresby fighting and they been hiding out waiting to get clear. But their big bloke—a general or something—gets taken by some coast tribe, and the Japs figure they got to get him free first. The blacks've taken the big bloke to their village, which, it seems, can't be jumped 'cept from the sea side.

"We find 'em this village, round Cape Standon way, as near as I can figure. They get the big bloke and we all steam to some other spot where there's likely to be a sub or something waiting to pick 'em up."

"And then," observed Porpoise sarcastically, "they sends us home."

"No," said Timkins. "We gets carved for shark meat, I guess, as soon as they've had their fun. We ain't got a chance."

"I dunno," said Porpoise. "Seein' it's you, Jed, you probably ain't looked round for a chance too much. . . . An' that reminds me, Jed. You owes me four quid. That time in Darwin when we was on a bender—"

"Four quid!" shouted Timkins. "I've lost my ship and I'll lose my life, and you talk about four quid!" He checked himself as the corner hatch rattled off and a flood of tropical sunshine half blinded us. A Jap cal'ed down and Timkins sagged.

"That's for me an' the boys," he said dispiritedly. "Something's coming up again, I suppose." At the hatch top he turned after the Jap had spoken to him again, and called

Porpoise, wielding the hose, was washing Japs right and left into the scuppers.

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"Most unpleasant," said the leading officer. "But very fortunate you stay alive. You are captain, yes?"

By ALBERT R. WETJEN

down: "You and Bill, too. The big boy wants you."

I got Porpoise to his feet and he wobbled a bit, grunting and groaning.

We got on the bridge at last and the head Jap pushed us into the chartroom. Timkins already was in place in the bridge wing. One of his men stood behind the wheel and the rest were scattered over the ship. We heard a low buzzing, growing louder, and the Jap came into the chartroom with us and hooked the door half shut.

"Very quiet, please," he said grimly, and we heard the plane swoop low and circle the ship. I suppose Timkins did what was proper outside, for after a while the plane went away and there was quiet. The Jap opened the chartroom door and ordered Porpoise out; then, shutting the door, he pointed at the chart table.

"Is necessary I anchor near Cape Standon," he said shortly. "Explain best place. Very close in."

I stared at the chart, one of our own from the Annabelle, and unreadable save to ourselves. I bit my lip and wondered, and then laid a tentative finger on Tench Pass.

The Jap nodded. "So good," he said. "Very unpleasant if you arrange directions wrongly. Also very unpleasant for Captain Bailey. We shall see."

He called Porpoise in and motioned me, with his gun, to stand against the bulkhead. Then he asked Porpoise what he had asked me. Porpoise bent over the chart and I sweated a moment. But he spotted the thumbnail mark I'd made across Tench Pass and tapped the same spot."

"The best," he stated. "No one round an' fair shelter."

I let out a breath, and the Jap looked hard at me and then at Porpoise. Then he nodded, apparently satisfied.

"So good," he said. "You will pilot me through when it is light."

"Aye," Porpoise agreed, coughing to cover what might have been a laugh. "It'll be morning afore you make th' landfall. I'll see you in. Be a pleasure, mister."

Since we had nothing to lose, it certainly would be a pleasure. There was a sweet shelf of mushroom coral at the head of Tench Pass and the Koomaloo would crumple like a concertina. Of course, we'd be shark meat, but so would the Japs, and that about evened things.

"Did you sink the Annabelle?" Porpoise ventured as we were motioned outside, and the Jap grinned twistedly.

"Not time to see. Many shells in her, captain. Perhaps be long sinking, but the drift would put her on bad shoals. A little sea break her up, I think. Very valuable cargo for 'Stralians. Great pity, no?"

We were herded back below. It was stiflingly hot.

"I suppose you told 'em about the coast anchorages," Timkins said, scowling.

"Bill and me accommodated," said Porpoise mildly. "Doin' a better job'n you with your O.K. signals to the planes. You can say good-bye permanent to the Koomaloo, Jed. She's got a date with thirty fathoms sheer."

"So you fixed it to pile her!" exploded Timkins. "Chucking ships about, what don't belong to you."

"Which, seein' she's been falling apart these twenty years, ain't much t' talk about," Porpoise grunted. A sudden thought struck him. "I'll lay you a bargain, Jed Timkins. You owes me four quid from that Darwin bender. I'll call it even if you 'ands me the Koomaloo."

"You'll call it even——" Timkins stopped dead and stared, unbelieving. "You mean to say you want to trade my ship for four quid?"

"She ain't worth it," agreed Porpoise generously, "but I'll take the risk. You swear over the Koomaloo to me afore these witnesses and I'll call the four quid paid. What can you lose? You ain't got the Koomaloo, anyway. Best chances are she's due for the bottom t'morrow morning. So you trades something you ain't got to square a honest debt. Give the boys in Brisbane something to talk about when we go back. Timkins a-dying all straight with the world."

"Four quid! You robbing old sea cow. The ship's worth——"

"Nothing," said Porpoise flatly, "and you ain't got th' brains nor nerve to make a try and save her. 'And her over, Timkins, and I'll show you."

Timkins breathed hard, thinking. "You've got an idea?" he inquired cautiously. "We're all in this together, y'know."

"I ain't got any ideas yet," Porpoise swore, looking surprised, which meant he had. "I ain't done much thinking yet."

"There's a catch somewhere," said Timkins profanely. "I know you. But maybe you can get us all clear. With that queer luck of yours, there's no telling. I'll take the chance."

"Now, that's better," said Porpoise, chuckling. "Best deal you ever made, Jed Timkins. Your 'ide ain't worth a tanner as it stands, and the ship ain't nothing but rust 'ung t'gether with condemned paint, and I'm tolerable enough t' lay four quid on both of 'em . . . What're you waiting for, Bill? Look round."

So I made a rough survey of the shelter deck where we were confined. I found that there was a lot of scantling lying about—stuff that had been used to wedge and shore cargo. There were some matting strips, odds and ends of rope yarn and line, and some of the scantling contained nails. I also found some lumps of coal that had been scattered round here and there, and that was about all.

"It 'elps," Porpoise conceded when I reported. "Now, ain't there portholes in th' ship, Bill? We could stand some air. And ain't there doors in the bulkhead leading to Number One hold?"

"So what?" Timkins inquired. "You couldn't shift a nut below here without a spanner and a maul. Must be rusted fast. An' we ain't got a spanner or a maul anyway."

"No, them Japs ain't very helpful," Porpoise agreed amiably. "We ain't got a spanner, so we gotta make one. Bill 'ere's quite a handy man."

So I found some scantling about the size I needed and, placing one length on top of a port nut and another length below it, I lashed them hard and fast together, so the nut was held between the wood as in a vice. You had to be careful not to snap the wood with too much leverage, and you had to keep tightening the lashings as they stretched, but with care and patience you could worry a nut loose.

I got one port prised up a bit after a while, so some air rustled in, and I got men started on the bulkhead doors. Timkins watched, spellbound, and light began to dawn on him.

"See here, Porpoise," he croaked. "I admit I never thought of that."

"You don't say," grunted Porpoise. "Now you listen. We get them bulkhead doors open and that lets us into Number One 'old. The 'atches are off Number One, as I spotted when I was topside, which being off is natural, since you'd just unloaded and was airing out. So we get on deck and bang the yeller rats and take charge again."

"As easy as that," Timkins snarled. "And what about their guns?"

"Sooner you bang 'em, sooner you get the guns," Porpoise explained. "That idea ought t' get some ginger into your punches. Now it figures this way: You take all hands save Bill and our Wong Fong and me into Number One as soon as it's dark. You waits until round the middle watch and keeps under cover until you 'ears a lot of yelling and banging round in here, with maybe some more yelling from the Japs on deck. Then you climb out and slam round.

"Grab the bridge first, and tend to them lying round the alleyways. Send a couple of boys to the wireless shack to grab that, too. When it's all cleaned up, you can take a snooze. Easy as that, Jed."

Timkins sighed. "I suppose it's a chance," he said sarcastically.

It was a long day. Aside from hunger and the torments of thirst, all the myriad insects the old tramp harbored seemed to concentrate in the shelter deck and, by the time Porpoise judged things were ready to start, there was hardly a man who was not in a mood bordering on the murderous.

There was a lot of whispered cursing and shuffling back and forth as Timkins sorted out his squads and gave them their orders, and then they all vanished through the bulkhead doors into the darkness of Number One hold. Porpoise waited a bit, then he said, "Grab some sticks and some matting, Bill, and we'll get the fire going."

So Wong Fong—he was our Chinese cook—and I piled a lot of the junk round and set light to it. Flames started to crackle and the shadows danced round the hold.

Porpoise stood like one of those temple josses, his fat face bronze and glistening.

"Better put it out, Bill," he said at last. "Maybe the smoke'll draw 'em better. They won't see Timkins and th' boys has gone, either, if they look below."

We got to work, banging and slapping the flames out, and Porpoise let out some of his bull's bellows and climbed up the spider ladder to hammer on the hatch.

That started things all right. I guess, too, smoke was pouring out of the ventilators by now, and, anyway, there was a lot of screeching and a hatch was jerked off and a face appeared long enough to get a good lungful of smoke. More screeching, and an officer came and shone a flashlight down, and one of his men hastily started lowering a hose.

Please turn to page 40

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Our Thanks to the Men in Blue

During the past four years we've had many a grim cable telling us of still another consignment of Grafton Anti-Shrink lost with some brave ship.

Lost with brave men, very often.

We know that these ships and men have had many other important jobs to do, besides bringing supplies of essential dress fabrics to Australia.

But we've had a heart-stirring close-up of their bravery.

It is a fine and timely idea of the "Australian Women's Weekly" to produce this special issue as a tribute to the men in blue.

With deep and sincere gratitude, we add our thanks to the thanks of this nation.

CEPEA FABRICS

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P.S. If there is a shortage of Grafton Anti-Shrink at present it isn't because the Jap. subs. have been busy. Don't forget our navy has had a lot of big jobs to take care of lately without doing cammy work.

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"Don't take any notice of them," cooed Janet. "He's rather acrobatic minded."

Breakers Ahead!

By . . .
Australian author
MINA GRAY

"THE trouble with you," yelled Pat, attacking her recently blonde head with a brush, "is you're too dignified."

Janet looked up from laying the little table and smiled rather bleakly. "I gather," she said, "you think it's a trouble to me?"

"Well, it must get rather lonely up on that pedestal with the 'Dedicated to Lieutenant Jones, of the Royal Australian Navy,' plaque on the base."

Janet's vague grey eyes clouded for a minute. She disentangled the bread from the jam and the butter and planked it on the table. There were times, she pondered, when Pat's exceeding wisdom would have been a trial to Solomon. But seriously, could she blame Bill if he had to make a four for dinner with his senior officer's niece?

Pat unwallowed a handful of bobby-pins and mumbled dreamily, "Lieutenant William Jones seems to have a lot of senior officers lately, and they all have a fine crop of nieces."

Janet bit her lip and said nothing. After all, there was nothing she could say. There emanated from the bedroom a couple of bars of "My Gal Sal," and then Pat unburdened the result of her lengthy meditation.

"It all comes from working in a reference library. Beats me how you can go for a ruin like that. Hosiery may have its snags," she giggled, "but at least I get someone alive to talk to occasionally . . . Funny English boy in this morning. Told me I looked like a film star and would I help him to find two pairs of stockings for his mother. I gave him some 'Sahara Nights,'" she finished, meditating afresh. "D'you think I ought to have given him 'Boogie Woogie Beige?'"

"Even," remarked Janet deliberately, "if you are my cousin, it doesn't necessarily follow that hosiery runs in the family."

Pat hooted at her as she came in hooking up her dress. She picked up the book beside Janet's plate idly. "U-huh . . . another night with 'Applied Psychology.' Really, Jan, do you have to choose such lurid books?"

Janet caught sight of herself in the mirror over Pat's head, and she said suddenly, "I'm not a very lurid person, myself." Smooth brown hair in a neat roll, pinkish little mouth, a grey dress, and glasses perched rather precariously on a sensible nose. Unaccountably her voice shook a little: "Perhaps that's why . . ."

Pat laboriously hooked the largest strawberry out of the jam. "Listen, Jan, why don't you come down off that pedestal and try being a dame—like me—for a change?"

Janet had recovered control of her voice. "Maybe," she considered absently. "D'you think I could?"

The strawberry being successfully transplanted to a slice of bread, Pat looked up. "Could what?"

"Be a . . . a dame for a change."

"'Course, provided you can tuck that brain of yours away somewhere nice and deep and forget about it." She grew interested like a child with a new doll. "Listen, I've got a ticket somewhere for some theatre party, and I can't go." She dashed into the other room, knelt beside a drawer, and tumbled things about. "Here it is!"

Janet laughed, shook her head, took a hurried gulp of tea, and a lump in her throat came up to meet it. They fought it out.

"I didn't mean it," she spluttered helplessly.

"Yes, you did," said Pat firmly. "You wouldn't want to let the lower deck down, would you?"

Janet dumbly signified her complete disinterest in the Navy, upper or lower deck. Pat thumped her on the back with more ferocity than was necessary. "There. Now if you don't go, there'll be one poor sailor with no hand to hold."

Janet wiped her eyes, visualising this tragic possibility with an emotion that more resembled laughter than sorrow.

"Most unpatriotic," grumbled Pat. "Now, let's see, you can wear my red dress and my white coat . . ."

"But what's wrong with my . . ."

"I," said her adversary dangerously, "have had enough of those errh . . . 'garments' of yours."

"And I'm two inches taller," murmured Janet weakly.

"That's the idea. You know I always wondered what your legs looked like above the ankles!"

"But . . ."

"Sit down," roared her tormentor, "so I can fix your hair!"

Half-an-hour later Janet took a look at herself in the glass, and winced. Her brown hair twisted and drooped in a startling, elaborate roll about her forehead. Large barbaric earrings hugged her ears, and her nice intelligent mouth was a scarlet gash.

"Behold!" yelled Pat, dancing ecstatically round. "A Dame, and Mine Own Creation!"

"You," broke in the Creation, absent-mindedly reaching for her glasses, "sound like Pygmalion with Galatea."

Pat waylaid the glasses just in time. "Now giggle!" she commanded.

"Wh—what?"

"Giggle, you know, like this. Oh, and every time you come to a question you don't know the answer to, just giggle. And if he starts getting technical about how he runs the war, just bat 'em."

"Bat 'em?"

"Like this." Pat flipped her eyelashes vigorously up and down. "That's all you've got to remember—bat 'em and giggle!"

. . . . . .

Thus it was that the newly inaugurated Dame made her way to her seat in the dark. Despite her sedate temperament, the spirit of adventure still occasionally flared within her to her distress. So to-night she just let it flare. She took off Pat's white coat and settled herself.

"Well, glad you got here," a voice at her elbow whispered. She took a deep breath and said, "Are you?" and she remembered to giggle coyly. The voice went on talking. "Mother should have told me this was my lucky day," and it called her "Pat."

Janet started guiltily. He took her hand. "Y'know, I always did suffer from cold hands; d'you mind?"

"I," she responded pointedly, "would hate the Navy to have cold hands, particularly as it doesn't seem to suffer from cold feet!" She heard him laugh softly. It was an impudent sound, that unaccountably made her blush in the dark.

When interval came she stole a glance sideways and found herself looking direct into two delighted blue eyes.

She started to tell the eyes that she wasn't Pat, and then some forgotten devil of make-believe inside her took control.

He said, "I shouldn't be here, you know. It ought to be Dick. That's how I knew your name. He met you last time we were in, didn't he?"

"Well?" murmured Janet hesitantly.

"D'you think you can put up with me instead?"

"Oh," said Janet, agonisedly, "I'll try . . ."

"Good kid."

No one had ever called Janet that before. She thought about it seriously for a while, then, "What," she queried, "happened to—errh—Dick?"

"Ashamed to report he got tanked on the way up town."

"Tanked?"

"Piffled, ossified, three sheets."

"Oh," she said, and thought with despair of the reference library. It appeared there were subjects it did not cover. In fact a whole range of subjects.

The second feature drifted vaguely before her eyes. After it was over, he said, "Let's go and snare some supper." They found a large, showy place, and yelled at each other through the successful efforts of a band to create the effect of life in the jungle or on the invasion coast.

He yelled, "You know, you're different to what I imagined."

And she shouted back before a trumpet got in first, "So you thought about me, did you?"

"You bet. Sailors always make up ideas about the girl they're going to meet in the next port."

She said, "Oh," rather crestfallen, but remembered to giggle just in time. Then the trumpet hit its target.

She said, "It seems unimportant, but what do people call you, and what—errh—do you do on the boat?"

He came back with, "The name's Phil, and I thought someone told me you knew uniforms like Joe here knows spaghetti. On the—Oh, Lady!—'boat,' I'm just an A.B."

"Tell me about it, d'you like being a sailor?" she flung in.

"Sounds like a radio interview. I just love being a sailor. Now you ask me why I went to sea, don't you?"

She grinned, suddenly happy. "You're not acting up to it. You ought to be tearing your handkerchief into little bits with fright. Well, Mr. Clever, why did you go to sea?"

Please turn to page 32

New Sparkle and Energy

You can snap your fingers at war strain, business worry or family cares, and regain your normal sparkle and energy quickly and easily. There's a remedy for this depressed, worn-out feeling . . . WINCARNIS, the delicious tonic wine that has brought back health to thousands of people and received over 26,000 recommendations from medical men. WINCARNIS is rich in fortifying vitamins blended with strengthening wine. The very first sip shoots vigour into your nerves and brain—and puts you on your toes right away. WINCARNIS stimulates and strengthens your whole body and builds up your exhausted system. Give yourself a chance—reach out and open a new and brighter chapter in your life—ask your chemist for WINCARNIS, the "No-waiting Tonic."

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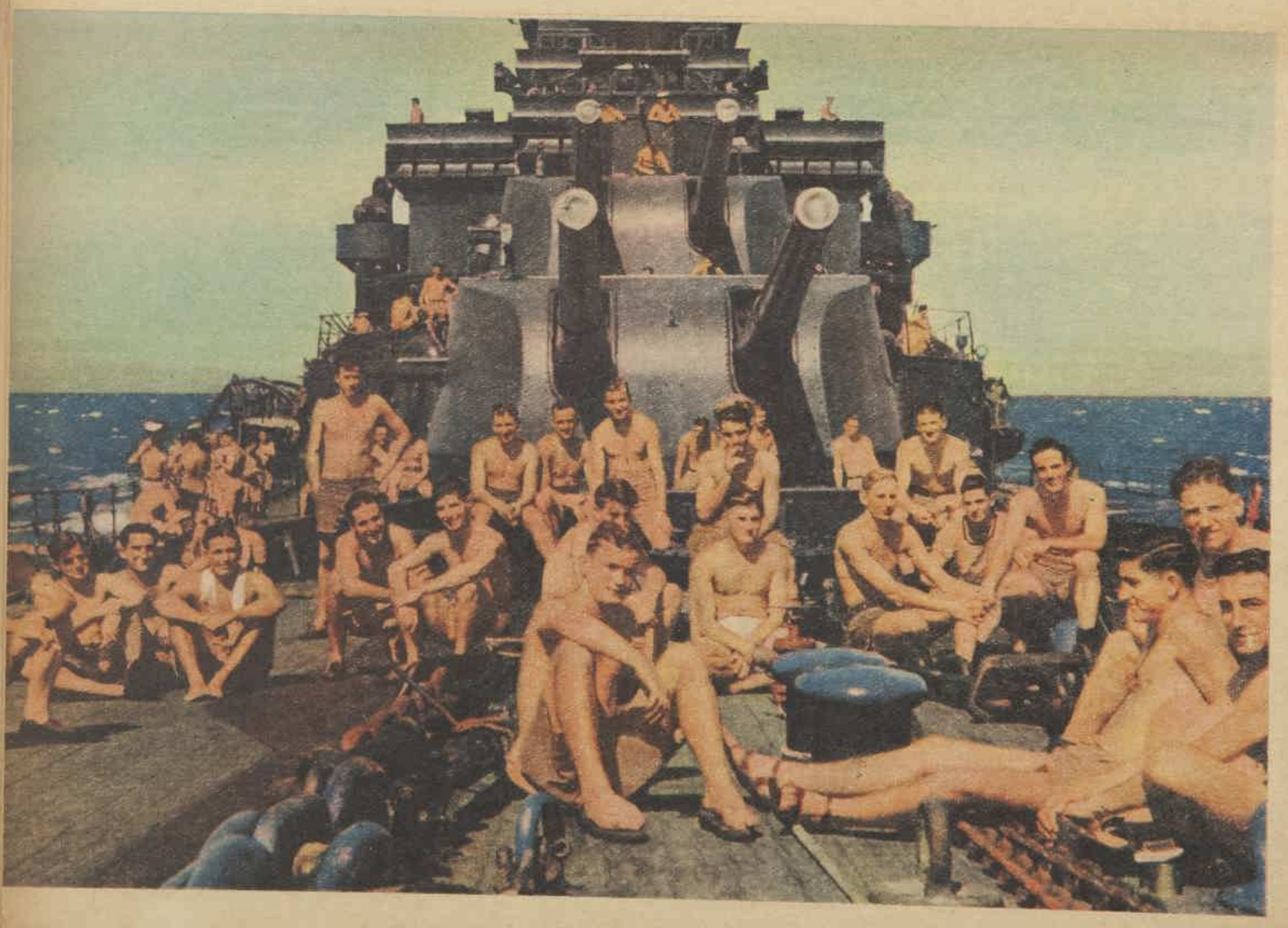
VETERAN. Chief Petty-Officer John Sandilands wears medal ribbons of two wars. Served in armed merchant cruiser Moreton Bay until recently; now attached to Flinders Naval Depot.

SKIN PROTECTION. A.B. R. Trusler, of Coburg, Vic., presents a rather odd sight as he goes about the deck with his back freely painted with gentian violet to combat tropical skin trouble.

RATINGS SUNBAKE (below) on forecastle deck of H.M.A.S. Shropshire. In tropics, shorts may be worn any time except in battle, when long pants and shirts are compulsory for protection.



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AT SEA with the R.A.N.

ON TOP OF A MAIN GUN TURRET, high above the deck, Bofors anti-aircraft gunners of an Australian cruiser watch a demonstration by instructors. Such practice as this never ceases. Every day there are drills and practice with the score or more of different weapons carried by a modern cruiser.

FIRE-FIGHTING SUIT hides Stoker L. J. Lewis, of North Sydney. He is carrying a foam fire-extinguisher for fighting oil fires.

MAINTENANCE WORK on the armaments of any warship is continuous. Here A.B. James Newton, of Brisbane, is at work on a multiple pom-pom ack-ack gun.

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MURDER IN TOW

By

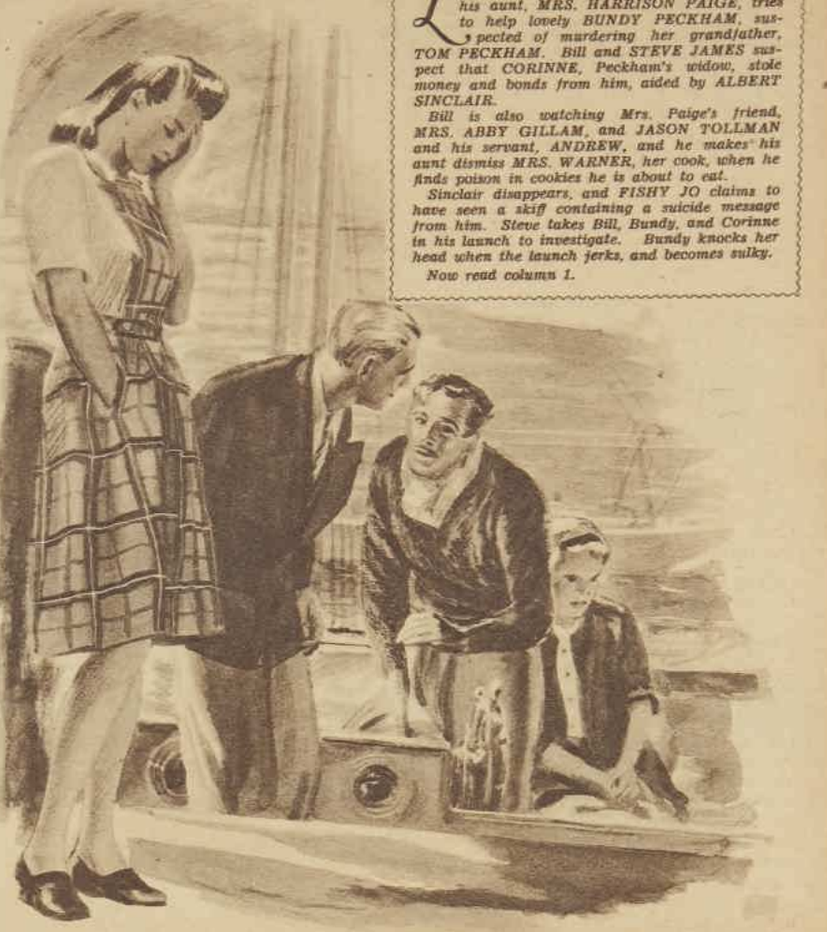
CHRISTOPHER HALE

LIEUTENANT BILL FRENCH, staying with his aunt, MRS. HARRISON PAIGE, tries to help lovely BUNDY PECKHAM, suspected of murdering her grandfather, TOM PECKHAM. Bill and STEVE JAMES suspect that CORINNE, Peckham's widow, stole money and bonds from him, aided by ALBERT SINCLAIR.

Bill is also watching Mrs. Paige's friend, MRS. ABBY GILLAM, and JASON TOLLMAN and his servant, ANDREW, and he makes his aunt dismiss MRS. WARNER, her cook, when he finds poison in cookies he is about to eat.

Sinclair disappears, and FISHY JO claims to have seen a skiff containing a suicide message from him. Steve takes Bill, Bundy, and Corinne in his launch to investigate. Bundy knocks her head when the launch jerks, and becomes sulky.

Now read column 1.



"Watch out for her, will you?" Steve whispered, as Bill was following Bundy off the launch.

STEVE looked back several times, disturbed. He felt absently in various pockets, produced his handkerchief, and wiped the spray from his face, slowly, contemplatively. Then he motioned to Bill. "Take it awhile, will you, French?"

"Yes. I'd like to start by running closer to shore north of the pier."

"Got an idea?"

"Well, it was about there that Peckham's body was found. History might repeat itself."

"Okay. It's all yours."

Steve crawled back over the engine hatch cover. He passed the absorbed Mrs. Peckham and sat down beside Bundy on the rear cushioned seat. He slid an arm round her, put his face close to her soft, blowing hair.

Bundy turned and looked at him. After a minute he took his arm away, moved off half an inch. He began to whisper. His expression suggested contrition, cajolery, the establishment of an armistice. Bundy remained vastly uninterested. But every time he presumed on the effect of his sales talk and moved closer one glance from her hard eyes moved him away again.

She was certainly something, Bill thought, stealing furtive glimpses now and then. There was the brilliance of fire about her fascinatingly shaped face with its smouldering eyes, its disdainful lips. He reminded himself it was none of his business, and turned his attention to the water. The motor slowed as he steered north along the shore, half a mile out. The receding tide made it easier to see depths which were covered at high water.

Presently he sighted something white on the bottom, to the starboard. He leaned over the side of the boat. The object was a sort of pillar about six feet long. Something was lettered on it in black. Numbers, letters. As the boat passed almost over it he read:

26
Ave.

It was one of the town's cement street markers. But what was it doing out here? It couldn't have been here long or it would have been too covered with barnacles and weeds to be legible. He sighted its position with relation to the land. Not far from the entrance to Coffee Pot Bayou.

As he moved his eyes to the south he met the gaze of Mrs. Peckham expressing interested ignorance.

"Did you see something just then in the water?"

Bill shook his head, pointed to his ears. Steve looked up wonderingly for a minute, then went on whispering to Bundy. She gave no signs of weakening. After a while Steve crawled back over the hatch to Bill.

"Guess I'm in Dutch again," he laughed ruefully.

Bill could have told him what he thought. That she was only building up to spring that college idea of hers on him. But he said nothing to prepare Steve for the blow. Let them fight it out between them. Interfering in love affairs was not his hobby.

Steve took the wheel. "I sort of thought you found something in the bay a few minutes ago, French."

"Hey, watch out!" Bill shouted. "Collision ahead."

Several smaller boats were steering erratic courses in front of them. It took dexterity to avoid trouble. Steve put for the open water. He laughed wryly.

"I've got a hunch this is all hooey, French. Just one of Fishy Jo's pranks. He is probably doubled up at all the rumpus he's causing."

"He picked a nice day for it," Bill said lazily.

For an hour they swerved in and out among the other searching boats. Then Steve took a run up toward Gandy Bridge and ran aground. It took fifteen minutes to pole the boat off a sand-bar. When they came south again they saw a number of boats gathering in one spot.

Steve stood up, swung the Pelican toward the excitement. But before he had gone far he noticed the boats were all turning toward the pier. He changed his course and swerved out in a wide, fast circle that cut in ahead of most of the others.

"That's Fishy Jo's old smack." Steve pointed to a single-masted, spinach-green vessel sliding along in the faint breeze. Behind it bobbed a very small white rowing boat.

"They seem to have found the skiff, at any rate," he admitted. "Though I wouldn't put it past Fishy Jo to have printed that message himself, if there is one, for his own amusement. He hates the police."

A small agile launch containing policemen was darting in and out among the boats, urging everyone not to land.

"We haven't found the body yet. We need plenty of boats to hunt for it," one hoarse-voiced man roared in entreaty.

"Oh, don't land, Steve," Corinne implored. "We've got to find him."

"Let me out first," Bundy said.

"What for?" Steve was irritated by his contradictory feminine passengers.

"Because I'm sick. I'm going home."

Steve looked anxiously into her drawn, cross face. "You can't go alone if you're sick."

"Oh, good heavens, it's just a raging headache. That was a terrible crack I got. Do you think I'm made of iron?"

Corinne insisted on Steve's continuing the search. She showed signs of hysterics.

Bill said, "I'll drop Bundy at her house, Steve. I have to get out too."

Steve was very reluctant to continue hunting, but was overwhelmed by Corinne's opposition. He watched Bundy climb out on the landing stage of the pier. He whispered to Bill: "Watch out for her, will you? That was a hard knock the poor kid got."

Bill promised. The rowing-boat had been brought in to the landing stage. Fishy Jo's dirty craft rocked against the piles. It perfumed the air with its ancient odor. Fishy Jo himself smoked cigarettes and laughed impudently in the red faces of the questioning police. He had told all he knew, he repeated over and over.

Bill said, "You in a hurry to get home, Bundy?"

"I don't care what I do." She put a hand to her head and walked away toward the end of the wharf.

Bill had remembered the sunken street marker. He had not wanted to explain about it to Steve in front of Mrs. Peckham. He wasn't at all sure how far he wanted to trust her. And she was a talker. He could tell Steve later. But meanwhile the police should be informed.

Bill got a third of the attention of a young officer. He wasn't sure the man really heard a word. He was so incensed at Fishy Jo's insolence. So determined to wring out of him the real facts. Withdrawing, Bill saw a familiar face fighting its way down the stairs from the street level of the pier. He went to give his aunt a helping hand through the crowd.

"I hear they found the boat, my dear," she panted, emerging into the open. She twisted into place her rumpled dress, pushed the hat up off her nose. "Is that true?"

"How in the world did you get here so fast, Aunt Olive?"

"I was up town shopping. I heard the newsboys shouting and bought a paper. Is that the boat?" She pointed with her lorgnette, then stared through it.

"Yes."

"How about what's-his-name's body? This Albert Sinclair. I suppose that's whom the 'Bert' means? Have they found him yet?"

Bill looked at her fondly. After all, she was his devoted relative. Why should he be forever holding out on her? He pulled her ear close.

"Aunt Olive, can you keep a secret?"

"Of course."

He looked her in the eye. "This is serious. I mean really."

"Now look here, William."

"All right. I just wanted to be sure. This is it. They won't find Sinclair. Not out there in the water."

"What? William!" she squealed. Then remembered to lower her voice. Her eyes glittered. "My dear, have you found him yourself?"

"Sh-sh. Not yet. But I'm hot on the trail. And it does not lead to the water."

Mrs. Paige glanced mysteriously toward the water. "Then this message printed on the seat of the boat—it can't be a confession after all?"

"No."

"But this man—this Fishy Jo person—says——"

Please turn to page 24

ECZEMA and Old Sores

Painful irritation of Eczema, and long-lived Sores that just won't go, should be treated with the deep-penetrating, cleansing, and healing action of Flexibar Ointment. It's fine, too, for Chilblains. Made to a new formula, with several active ingredients, this unusual ointment contains also tl-tree oil (regarded by some authorities as the most powerful antiseptic germicide).

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Commodore JOHN COLLINS

First Australian to hold operational command of R.A.N.

COMMODORE (1st Class) JOHN AUGUSTINE COLLINS, Companion of the Order of the Bath, Cross of Knight Commander of the Order of Orange Nassau, has made history in the Royal Australian Navy.

He is the first Australian to attain the highest fighting command in the R.A.N., and the first Australian to attain flag rank in the service of his country.

John Collins was born at Deloraine, Tasmania, in 1899.

I, like most of the Australian public, know much of his history in the Senior Service—his brilliant fighting and administrative record.

But few know what kind of man he is at sea.

During my weeks at sea with a number of ships of the Royal Australian Navy, and particularly aboard the flagship Australia, I was able to talk with and study John Collins, sailor.

I soon knew and liked his characteristic smile, quick-wittedness, and unusual sense of humor.

By REG HARRIS War Correspondent

Officers and ratings do not resent the limelight that has fallen on this one man—rather, they like it.

Naval men know that Commodore Collins accepts any praise that comes his way on behalf of his team.

Perfect in his attire, he is meticulous as to detail, and expects every member of the flagship's complement to be the same. He strongly objects to photographers depicting unkempt, ruffled-haired, untidy sailors as "typical seamen."

"You can judge a seaman's quality by the care he takes in his dress," he told me.

But that is not the only secret of John Collins' success.

Not for personality alone was he the youngest cruiser captain in the Mediterranean.

Ask any man in the R.A.N., and he will tell you: "Collins is a sailor—a real sailor!" To the man at sea, that means something.

He is an individualist—it is noticeable in his every movement, word, and action. Wherever he is, John Collins dominates the company—unintentionally, but naturally. His manner is so completely easy that one does not notice this at the time.

In action the Commodore spends his time between the bridge (where he watches the progress of the action) and the tactical plot (where he plans his tactical orders).

He determines and controls the speeds, course, disposition, and so on of the ships under his command. Throughout he is in consultation with his Staff Officer, Operations.

He has his sea cabin in close proximity to the bridge, and is on the spot in any emergency. His food is brought to him by stewards.

In port or harbor he lives in the Commodore's quarters. He messes with the Captain (his Chief of Staff) and the Flag Lieutenant (his aide) and, frequently, with his secretary (a paymaster-commander).

The Commodore has his own galley, cooks, and stewards.

He is an excellent host. Many of the Allied Army, Navy, and Air Force chiefs in operational areas enjoy his hospitality when the flagship is in harbor.

Pictures are shown on the quarter-deck every night while in harbor, and Commodore John Collins is quite a keen fan.

He loves fishing from the Commodore's barge, and frequently takes some of the flagship's officers with him. He prefers trolling to the monotony of angling. Sometimes he catches fish!

He takes every opportunity of going ashore to "stretch his legs"—a process which entails a few miles' walk.

COMMODORE JOHN AUGUSTINE COLLINS

Commander of the Australian Naval Squadron. He is the first graduate of the Royal Australian Naval College to attain the rank of Commodore (First-Class).

He keeps fit by playing deck tennis on the quarter-deck each afternoon with the ship's officers.

When exercising during the first and last "dog watches" (4 p.m. to 6 p.m., and 6 p.m. to 8 p.m.) he wears white sandshoes, short white socks, and white singlet.

The strenuous days of 20 years ago, when he was an outstanding R.A.N. Rugby Union and tennis player, have given him a well-built stockiness characterised by broad shoulders, narrow hips and muscular legs.

After his daily exercise, the Commodore visits the ward-room to have a drink and informal chat with his officers, then showers and changes into formal attire for his dinner. Mess jackets are always worn at dinner in the Commodore's Mess.

After four years at the R.A.N. College, Midshipman John Collins served with the Grand Fleet in 1917-18, and became a sub-lieutenant in 1919.

Thirteen years ago, Admiral Sir Edward Evans described John Collins as one of the most brilliant gunnery officers who ever served under him.

Collins supervised the construction of H.M.A.S. Sydney (launched in 1934 as H.M.S. Phaeton) at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and commanded the vessel on her maiden voyage to Australia, retaining the command until 1937.

When war broke out he was Assistant-Chief of the Naval Staff in Melbourne. From November, 1939, until May, 1941, he again took over as captain of H.M.A.S. Sydney.

In June, 1940, Captain Collins reached the peak of his fame, when the Sydney sank the faster, more heavily armed Italian cruiser, Bartolomeo Colleoni.

John Collins never forgets a face, nor the name of any man who has served in one of his ships. Many a rating has been surprised when the Commodore has asked him, "how long is it since you left such-and-such a ship?"

The Royal Australian Navy will never forget John Collins—a man capably fitted to carry out the honor bestowed upon him.

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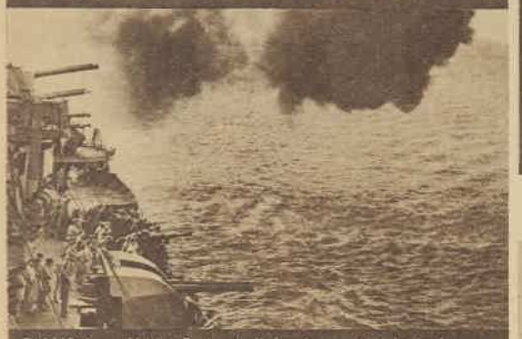
Aitape shelled

CONFERRING ON OPERATION. Commodore J. Collins and Cmdr. G. G. O. Gatacre, R.A.N., with U.S. Army officers.



SALVO from H.M.A.S. Australia's after-end eight-inch guns during bombardment of Japanese troops near Aitape.

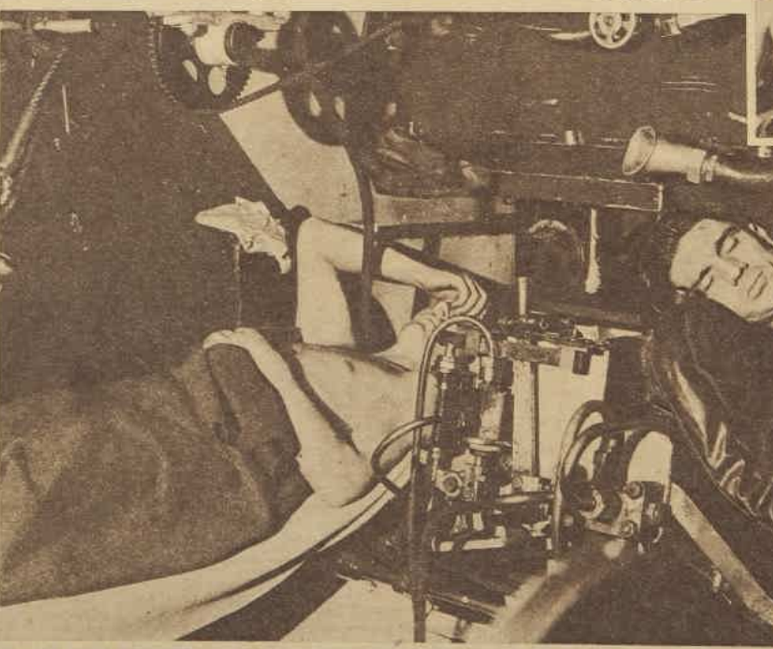
CAPTAIN OF CRUISER, Captain E. F. V. Dechaineaux, checks over signals which have just arrived during operation.

DESTROYER WARRAMUNGA, after cruisers' heavy guns have plastered the target, goes close inshore to bombard.

DISCUSSING RESULTS on bridge of cruiser. From left: Capt. Dechaineaux, Cmdr. Gatacre, Commodore Collins.

TWIN FOUR-INCH anti-aircraft guns of H.M.A.S. Shropshire firing star-shells for night exercise. They are fired beyond the target to show it in silhouette.

DECORATED gunners in Warramunga. Leading-Seaman R. W. Howlett, of Sydney (left), and A/B. Taylor, Fremantle. Both won D.S.M. in Solomons.



MAIN GUN TURRET crews sleep at action stations. A/B. J. Brown and P/O. W. Decis asleep on an eight-inch wooden plank on the edge of a gun-pit 12ft. deep aboard H.M.A.S. Shropshire.

—Pictures by our staff photographer, JACK HICKSON

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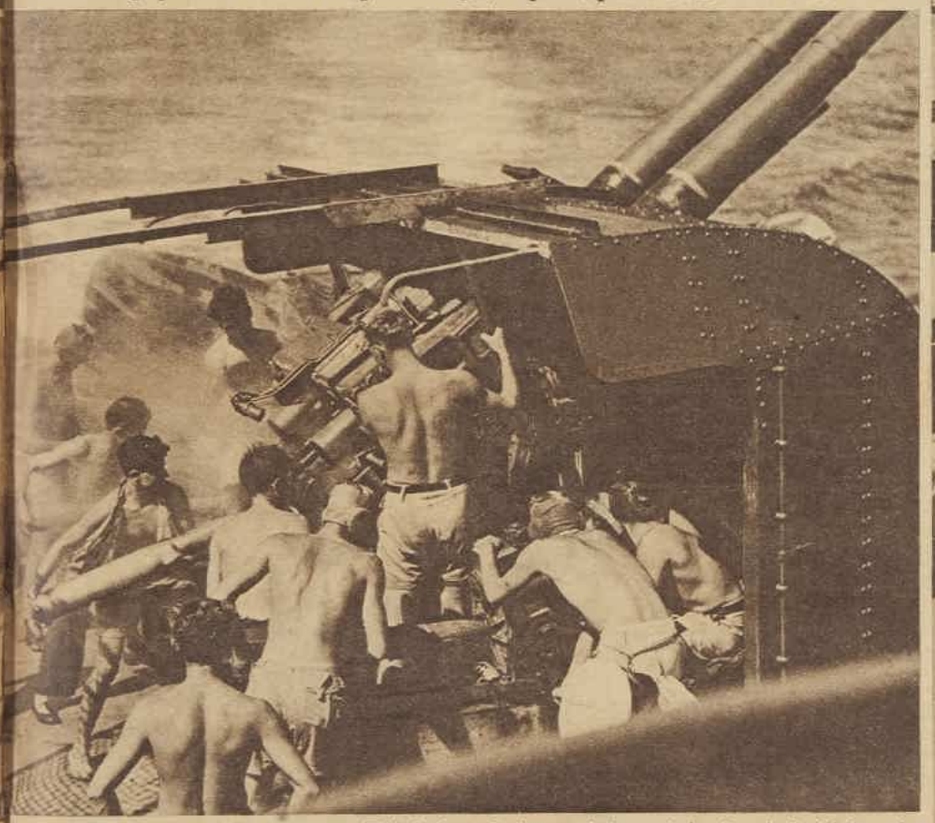
Unceasing lookout

CREW of a multiple pom-pom anti-aircraft gun (which is known as a Chicago piano) in H.M.A.S. Warramunga peer into the sun to sight the target. Japanese planes often attack out of the sun.

CONSTANT WATCH is kept on surface of sea. A/B. R. Grant (21), Tasmania, watches from bridge of Shropshire.

CORVETTE BENDIGO'S LOOKOUTS. Left, A/B. A. Green, of gun-crew; right, A/B. Dalziel, Sig. Aldred, on bridge.



GUNNERS of H.M.A.S. Warramunga, Tribal class destroyer, firing a twin four-inch high-angle anti-aircraft gun. The target, towed by an aircraft, was brought down by the first two rounds.

WITH POWERFUL BINOCULARS, lad on bridge keeps watch on surface of sea through an arc of 90 degrees.

OERLIKON GUNNER in Warramunga, A/B. Bill Thompson, of Sydney. He is supported by strap round back and twin shoulder-pieces. These guns are close-range weapons against dive-bombers.

ANTI-AIRCRAFT LOOKOUT from bridge of H.M.A.S. Shropshire, A/B. L. J. Browne, of Rockhampton, Queensland.

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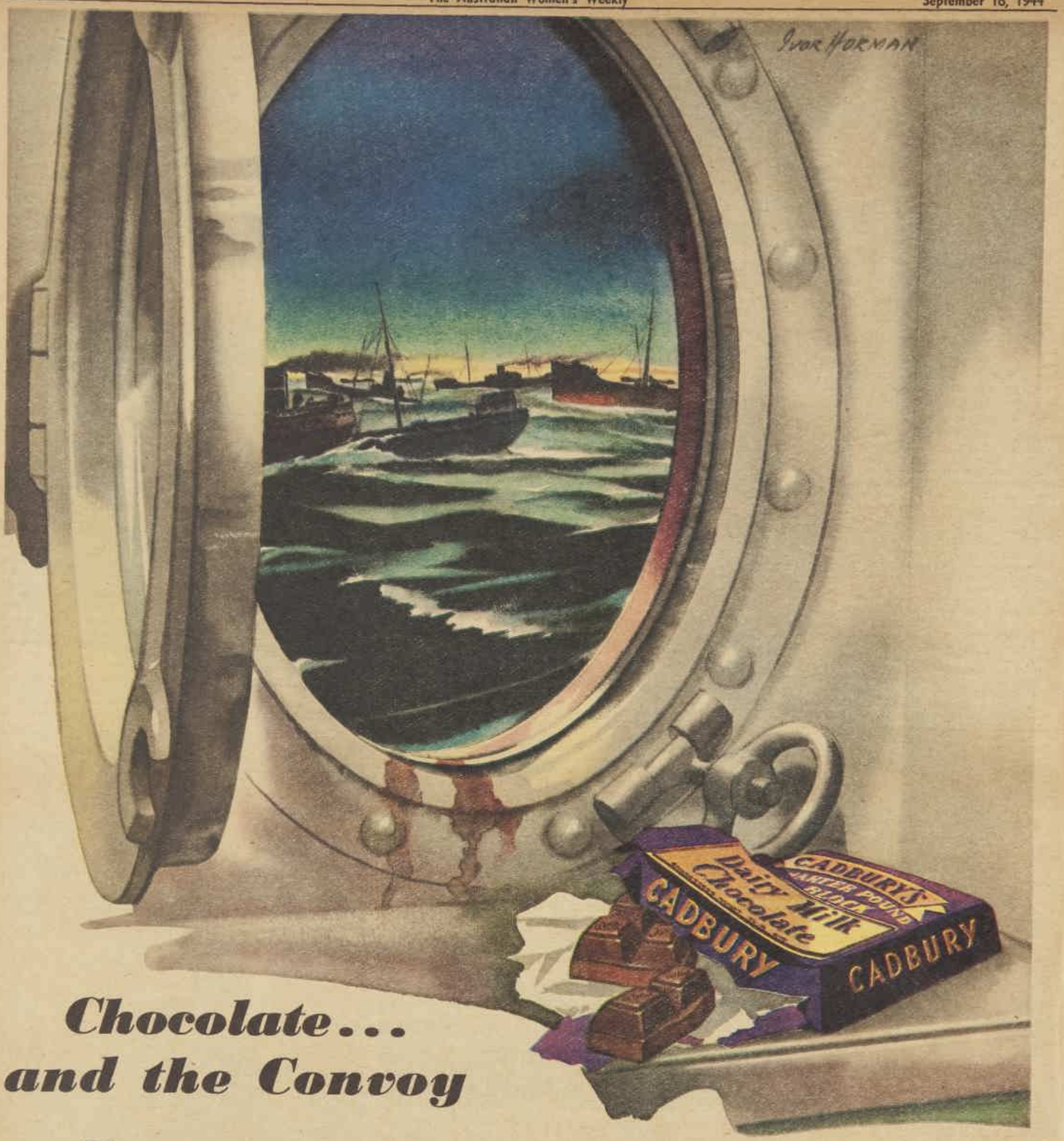

Chocolate... and the Convoy

To you who read this, Chocolate may be important. You may feel its shortage keenly. But consider the case of the man at sea...in fair weather and foul. The Chocolate he buys at his ship's canteen is one of his few luxuries. In fact, to the men of the Merchant Navy the importance of Chocolate as food is often vital! Thousands of heroic survivors of enemy action at sea have owed their lives to the rations which form part of every lifeboat's regulation equipment, and which always include Chocolate. A large proportion of the output of Cadbury's Energy Chocolate and of Dairy Milk Chocolate goes to these and other wartime priorities.

CADBURY

MAKERS OF DAIRY MILK CHOCOLATE AND ENERGY CHOCOLATE

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The NAVY CARRIES THE BABY

Written by a special correspondent from an interview with an Australian Naval Officer

A naval officer should be able to handle any eventuality. Instructors during officers' training courses have been saying this for decades.

You realise after two years' service in the Wavy Navy (R.A.N.V.R.), half the time overseas, that any odd job can come your way, and does. Even acting as nursemaid to a three-year-old baby on an Allied warship!

That, I blushingly confess, happened to me.

"I found San in the C.O.'s cabin, having her hair brushed."

SO did a lot of other odd jobs. These included serving as doctor, dentist (extractions only), and general welfare officer to scores of once-removed headhunters.

And acting as a pidgin English intrepeter, and appearing in the triple role of architect-builder and commanding officer of a naval station in the jungle of a South Pacific island.

I remembered my instructor's admonition when I took on my first odd job.

The captain of an Allied base asked me to go as pidgin interpreter to an outlying island to buy fruit.

Even with my limited pidgin it seemed an easy job. But no naval officer, no matter how astute, could anticipate being left actually carrying the baby on such a mission.

On landing on the island I was met by two Australian missionaries who gravely informed me that typhus was sweeping the island.

They took me to their house and produced San.

San was a three-year-old French baby left in the mission's care when

"WITH a pair of pliers you remove the molar . . ."

her parents had gone south for a holiday. Her parents were to have returned on the monthly steamer, but the missionaries, with the epidemic on their hands, could not spare the time to take San back in their lugger.

Then with Australian directness, as one Australian to another, they suggested I take San back home to her island near our base.

When I demurred, and suggested it was a matter for the captain, they showed me the new graves in the cemetery . . .

Getting San out to the ship in a wherry through a heavy surf was a tough job.

We were both soaked to the skin, not that it was difficult for San to get soaked to the skin. She wore a lap-lap only, and her sole possessions were a spare lap-lap, toothbrush, and soap.

Leaping up the companionway with San in my arms, I passed her to the bos'n.

"Hold her until I see the captain," I said, ignoring his somewhat belligerent, "What! Me, sir?"

I took the same line with the captain that the missionaries had taken with me. The captain was practical.

"Who will look after her, will you?"

I agreed with faint enthusiasm.

Feeding, washing, bedding-down, and keeping a three-year-old baby out of the way on a warship is quite a job. I did it for a whole day which seemed like a week.

San captivated every sailor on the ship on her first day aboard, and for the rest of the voyage, another day and a half, the off watch took her over.

A few hours before berthing I searched the ship for San and found her in the C.O.'s cabin having her hair brushed by the captain!

Leaving the ship San had enough gear—presents from the crew—to fill the small motor boat which ran us across the harbor to her island home.

I was dismayed to find the house empty. The inter-island ship was a week late.

Sarcastic callers

THERE was only one thing to do—take San to my hut at the base and put her in a spare camp-stretcher.

Very few officers called on me at night, but that night I had dozens "having a peek."

Toward midnight my patience had worn thin to such gibes as "You catch 'em pretty young, don't you?" and "Waiting till she grows up, huh?"

Near morning came the answer to the problem. There were three nursing sisters at a mission hospital 25 miles away at the other end of the island. With San in a jeep I drove there at dawn. The kindly sisters took over my charge.

When you move to a forward battle area plenty of odd jobs come your way.

You have a couple of tents and your gear. With your newly acquired pidgin you enlist native aid, and set yourself up as architect-builder to erect semi-permanent huts.

You haggle with the chief as to how much rice or meat or calico should be paid for so much work.

A constant stream of native visitors call to see "Marstah belong Navy." Mostly they seek medical attention.

An old native arrives with his face swollen with an infected tooth. With a pair of pliers you remove the molar, to the accompaniment of loud wailing from the victim and high glee from the other natives.

Your knowledge of medical practice does not go farther than a very elementary first-aid course. But you use "sulpha" drugs like a specialist.

You look at the label giving the directions, and try to ignore the warning, "This Drug is Dangerous."

You are amazed that you get so many cures of skin complaints by slapping on whatever happens to be available in the field kit.

Cooks and stewards don't get drafts to naval establishments in the South Pacific.

So you teach a native boy to cook and make up your cot. It's a tedious job. You explain many many times to the cook boy how to make a dish.

You leave him to carry on, only to come back in half an hour to find a horrible-looking mess in the pot.

And making a bed. I did not think it was possible to get so many permutations and combinations in laying two blankets, two sheets, a bed cover, and a woven leaf mat on a stretcher, without getting one sheet on top of the other.

Training and teaching natives to keep a naval station ship-shape shakes one's morale plenty.

But it was nothing to the effect on my morale on being posted to a base and finding myself in the course of duty at a military ceremonial dinner, attended by four Generals, an Air-Commodore, and a British Colonial Governor, who carried the ranks of both Vice-Admiral and General.

I discovered that as the junior naval officer present I had been made vice-president of the dinner. On the president rising and saying, "Mr. Vice, the Toast," I had to rise and propose the toast of His Majesty.

It was rather shattering to a wavy-navy lieutenant, that the next ranking junior officer to himself was no less than an air-commodore.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should give out two pounds of liquid bile daily or your food doesn't digest. You suffer from wind. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel irritable, tired and weary and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. You must get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile working and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in keeping you fit.

Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3. ***

The book that every girl . . . and her mother . . . should read!

"MY LIFE AS A W.A.A.A.F."

It's a true story! 48 pages of grand reading and pictures. Especially if you have to take a war job, this is the book that you should make a MUST to read. All about life for a girl in a most thrilling fighting service.

Write for it today to the **R.A.A.F. Recruiting Centre, Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide, Perth or Hobart** . . . . post-free.

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Painted at sea

By VIRGIL

● *OPERATION in the sick bay of H.M.A.S. Shropshire. Virgil painted this while the Surgeon-Commander and his medical officers carried out an appendectomy on a rating.*

● *WIRELESS ROOM of H.M.A.S. Australia. Men are at action stations, wearing anti-flash gear as protection from possible internal explosion flash in case of bomb or shell hits.*

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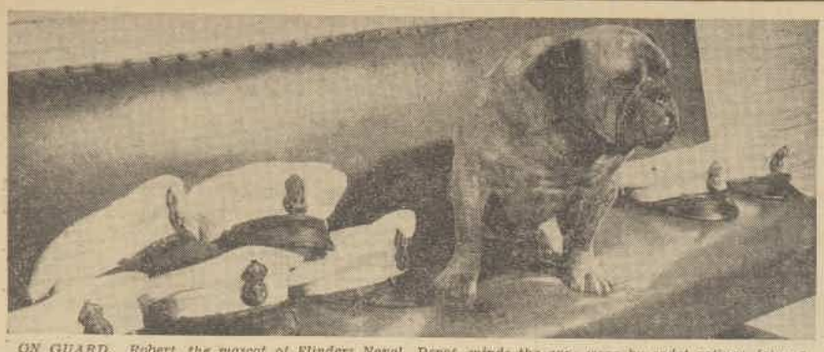


ON GUARD. Robert, the mascot of Flinders Naval Depot, minds the caps worn by cadet ratings doing a paymasters' course at the Officers' Training School.

GUNNERY INSTRUCTION for sailors at Flinders. There's a saying in the Navy that "a gunner's-eye view of a ship is a floating gunnery platform."

FLINDERS NAVAL DEPOT—school for sailors

Three thousand men trained yearly now

By BETTY NESBIT

Seagulls and sailors on bicycles were my first impressions of Flinders Naval Depot when I spent a week there to see how Australia trains her sailors.

From the old rose-garden sheltered behind a clipped hedge, the sea would seem far away if it were not for the seagulls, which settle in white clouds on the parade ground, fly up and down the narrow lane between the sleeping quarters, and flock in hundreds around the galley doors.

THE bicycles are as much a part of Flinders as the seagulls. Every member of the Depot's staff either rides a bike or is fond of walking. Distances between the buildings are long, and an officer on his rounds rides at least five miles.

His bike has stripes equivalent to rank painted across the rear mudguard.

But for all this riding about, Flinders people never forget for a moment that they are at sea. The complete phraseology of shipboard life is observed by all. At first it sounded a little odd when, driving through wide iron gates into a leafy lined road, I heard the escort officer reporting, "Press party coming aboard, sir."

When war broke out Flinders began to stretch its limbs. It has grown from a depot where 1000 men a year were leisurely trained in peacetime to a base responsible for training three times that number.

This is indicated in the new buildings.

Two-thirds of the accommodation blocks are new, the hospital has been extended to twice its size. Wrans' quarters have been built.

A group of temporary buildings comprises the Officers' Training School, which is one of the depot's wartime babies.

The largest part of Flinders is the New Entry School.

Recruits enter Flinders for a four months' course, which in peacetime was a year. The first month is spent entirely in a disciplinary course, in which they learn naval routine, terms, procedure, and drilling.

They are drafted to their various schools according to the category in which they came into the Service—electrical and ordnance artificers, stokers to the engineering school, seamen to the seamanship classes, stewards and writers to their classes, and cooks to the galleys.

Most picturesque sight of all this training is provided every morning at precisely 8.30, when a small fleet of whalers puts out from the wharf at the depot.

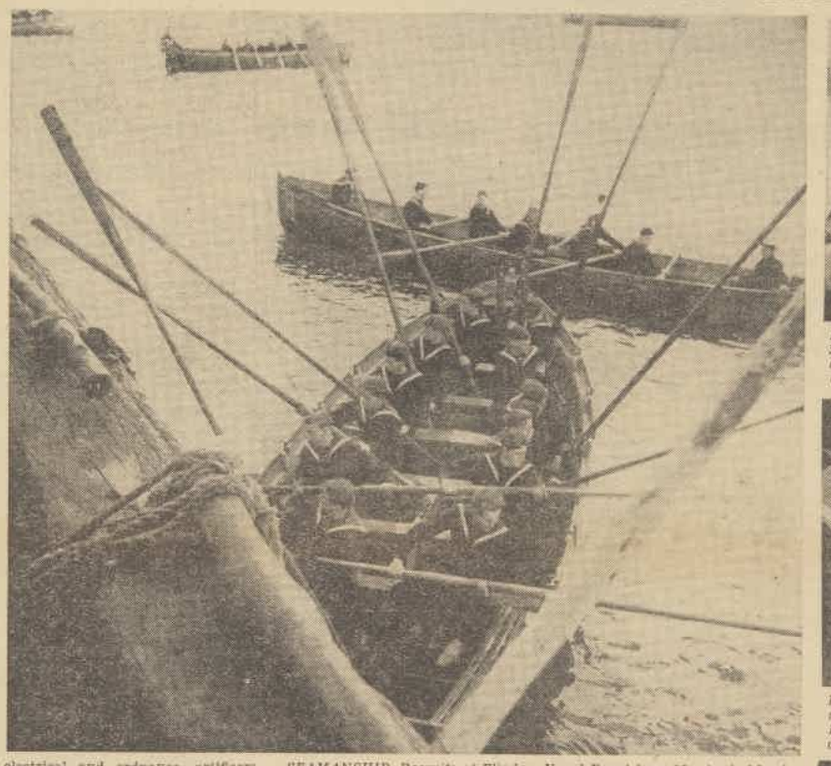
Manning the boats are future sailors getting their first taste of seamanship, all lads whose ages range from 18 to the early twenties who have just joined the Navy.

At the end of the wharf, which seethes with blue uniforms and white caps, stands Lieutenant-Commander D. F. Croft, R.N., disciplinary officer for the New Entries.

From him they learn what to do, and, most important, what not to do when one is a sailor in the R.A.N.

In the various schools the raw recruits are continually working with old hands ashore for a spell.

For example, in the bakehouse I saw recruits working alongside men such as Leading-Cook Albert Rees, of Victoria, who had been ashore only a few weeks.



SEAMANSHIP. Recruits at Flinders Naval Depot have 30 minutes' boat-pulling exercise each morning to teach them how to handle ship's boats.

In civilian life a sleeper-cutter, Leading-Cook Rees has been a cook in the Navy for four years. He was serving in an Australian corvette which took part in the invasion of Sicily.

"It was stew for two days in succession," he said. "Made it one day and put a top on it for the next day."

Gunnery school

TWO brass dolphins coil themselves round the door-post leading into the gunnery school, where I met Lieutenant-Commander R. J. V. Hodge, R.A.N., who came ashore from H.M.A.S. Australia eight months ago to command the school.

"To be a gunner in the Navy is to be the salt of the earth," said Lieut.-Commander Hodge. "Only the rating with superior intelligence is picked for gunnery training."

On a tour of inspection Lieut.-Commander Hodge showed me ratings being instructed on a loading teacher, replica of a gun in H.M.A.S. Hobart.

He pointed out another class which had commenced with 15 men and after a few weeks had decreased to 10. "In gunnery a man has to know his job perfectly. No gunner at all is better than a bad one," he said.

On another machine known as a Rypa men were learning how to direct the fire on to a target. The machine, which carries out the motions of a ship, is named after the initials of the words Roll, Yaw, Pitch, and Alteration of course.

I learnt from Lieut.-Commander Hodge that a ship does not have a band just to play martial music.

The ship's band is a most important section of the gunnery crew. The bandsmen are the fire-control experts. They are chosen to be bandsmen because they are musicians in the first place, but as such they must learn fire-control.

The gunners' mates who instruct the gun crews have a jargon all of their own.

For instance, I heard this from one instructor: "Should the gun misfire the gunlayer shall not say '——— it!' nor shall he dwell a pause of two hours and double away for his tot of rum or grab the jaunty (master-at-arms) by the lower band (belt) and 'eave 'im over the side, but order 'Still! Misfire. Carry on.'"

This said at top speed at a roar seems to work wonders with a backward class.

Typical of the wartime speed-up in training is the course at the cookery school. Head of the school is Paymaster-Lieutenant W. J. Honeybunn, R.A.N., who has been in that job since 1929.

The course used to be 26 weeks; it's now eight, four weeks in the galley and four in the bakehouse. Every cook has to know how to bake bread. Sailors eat a lot of it.

In two years 277 cooks have gone through the school.

"No previous experience necessary," said Lieutenant Honeybunn. "I've turned expert bricklayers into cooks in my time."

There are five sections of officers training at Flinders—officers known as Jogs (Junior Officers, General Services); Junior Reserve Officers; Senior Reserve Officers; newly mobilised officers, such as engineers, doctors, or dentists; and Naval Auxiliary Patrol Officers—in addition to the cadet ratings in the Officers' Training School (O.T.S.), and the W.R.A.N.S. O.T.S.

In peace and war the graduates of the Royal Australian Naval College become the officers for the permanent Navy.

PETTY-OFFICER J. I. ROBINSON, of Melbourne, riding at Flinders, where everybody from the Commander down bicycles about.

PLOTTING A COURSE. Cadet ratings Robert Khan and Tom Hogg at work in a navigation class at Officers' Training School.

BREAD-MAKING LESSON for future cooks of the R.A.N. in the bakehouse at Flinders.

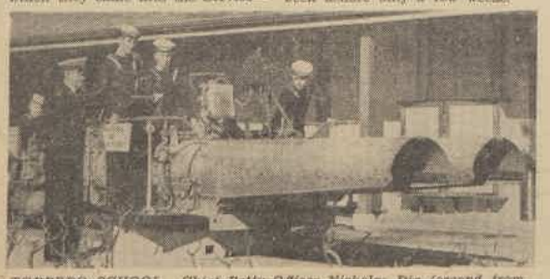
Occasionally in peacetime a "man came up through the hawse pipe" (which is the naval expression for a sailor reaching officer's rank), but this was so rare that special arrangements were made for his training.

But in wartime more ships are built and more men are needed to officer them.

The O.T.S. was instituted in July 13, 1942, to train these officers.

The commanding officer of the school is Commander F. R. James, R.A.N., formerly in command of an armed merchant cruiser, H.M.S. Kanimbla. His is the job of seeing that in less than a year a man learns what in peacetime would take four years.

"The men who come to us may have been at sea for months and have been recommended by their commanding officer," he said, "or men in the New Entry School who have a sufficiently good educational background may be selected as candidates for an officers' course."



TORPEDO SCHOOL. Chief Petty-Officer Nicholas Dix (second from left) with (from left) A/Bs Robert Turner, Ronald King, Les Bridger, and Gordon Trotter.

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HISTORY. Cadet-Midshipman Leigh Bennett, of Melbourne, studies a book of naval history at the Royal Australian Naval College. His brother Dean was also a cadet-midshipman, but is now at sea.

R.A.N. permanent officers in the making

The greatest day in the life of a cadet midshipman is when he steps aboard his first ship, salutes smartly, and reports to the officer of the watch, "Midshipman Jones, Sir, come aboard to join."

That momentous day is, however, preceded by four years of solid work at the Royal Australian Naval College at Flinders Naval Depot, and during my visit there I was able to see something of the studies of these future officers of the R.A.N.

CLASSROOMS, where the future admirals of Australia carry on their studies, are in a trim red-brick building set in wide green lawns.

A great deal has changed at Flinders during war years, but training of the cadets continues in its customary peaceful manner, untouched by the wartime extensions, additions, and speeding-up.

It still takes four years at the College to train a young man to be an officer in the R.A.N., and it is these cadets, boys aged from 13 to 17 (who are addressed as "Mr."), who will eventually command its ships.

There are 64 cadets at the College. This is the usual number, and at the end of the year, when the fourth-year term leave and go to sea as cadet midshipmen, 16 new cadets join the first year.

I met the Commander of the College, Commander A. J. Loudoun-Shand, O.B.E., at afternoon tea in his cabin.

Commander Shand, who stands well over six feet and whose complexion has the ruddy tan of a man who has spent years at sea, explained to me how the cadets are chosen for the College.

"Each year a selection board comprised of naval officers, medical men, and professors sees the prospective candidates.

"We personally interview the boys and we know the kind of lad who will make a good officer," said the Commander.

He told me of the College's pride in men like Waller, Rankin, Walker, Moran, Burnett, and Getting, who commanded ships in this war and went down with those ships.

"These men were cadets at this College, and the spirit which prompted them to fight against overwhelming odds is the spirit fostered in our lads," he said.

Accompanied by Mr. H. D. Simpson, who is the Director of Studies and who has been at the College for 20 years, I went on a tour of inspection of the classrooms.

My first sight of the cadets was at their history lesson. Their master is Mr. F. B. Eldridge of the professorial staff, who has taught history to every officer in the Royal Australian Navy. He joined the staff in 1913 when the College opened at North Geelong.

The history room has a frieze of drawings of ships of all kinds from vikings' ships with brightly colored sails to the modern destroyers.

Mr. Simpson explained to me that although these lads were training to be officers in the Navy, their four years at the College were filled with lessons and study.

"A solid education is as necessary to them as the knowledge of handling ships," he said.

They learn bends and hitches from a man who joined the Navy in the time of Queen Victoria. He is 64-year-old Chief Petty-Officer John McKay, D.S.M., who was in Her Majesty's Navy in 1896.

Two sea cruises a year in the training ship Bingera are, however, the most popular items in the year's programme.

These cruises introduce the lads to their future habitat and acquaint them with middle watches, mal de mer, and other minor sailor troubles.

The seamanship classroom is the cadet's introduction to knots and splices, anchors and cables.

Ship's gear such as shackles and mooring swivels in the exact sizes used in any ship from a battleship down to a corvette is lined up along the rails of one of the decks where outdoor seamanship classes are held.

On the lawn outside the classrooms are set up the gear for taking soundings, and also the special type of naval dropping gear for slipping ship's boats.

The cadets study this equipment, but learn its practical use when at sea in the training ship.

Emphasis is laid on all kinds of sport, not so much to produce a brilliant international cricketer or footballer, but so that each cadet will have a good knowledge of all.

Boss in Physical and Recreational Training is Mr. Allan Saltmarsh, who has been in the Navy for thirty years.

I met this instructor while he was giving a lesson in fencing to one of the two "Year Officers," Lieutenant W. P. Cook, R.A.N., who recently came ashore after overseas service in H.M.A.S. Nizam.

The other Year Officer is Lieutenant Robert R. Brown, R.A.N., who had also been in one of the "N" class destroyers for the last two years.

A Year Officer is detailed to look after the general well-being of the cadets, instruct them in the traditions of "an officer and a gentleman" in the Royal Australian Navy, and teach them seamanship and boatwork.

The two Year Officers also arrange the sport for the lads and organise the two dances which are held each term. These dances and the pictures on Saturday night (that is, if the picture is considered suitable) comprise the cadets' social life.

Four cadets share a cabin, which is austere with white painted bunks, an upper and a lower, and chest of drawers.

"Wakey-wakey" (Navy's term for the bugle which blows reveille) is at 7 a.m. The lads take a hot splash, but this must be followed by a cold shower even if the thermometer is down to zero.—R.N.

YEAR OFFICER at the R.A.N.C., Lieutenant Robert Brown, R.A.N., with Cadet-Midshipman Thomas Fisher on the model wheel which shows cadets the workings of a wheel and its control on rudder.

EDITORIAL

OUR TRIBUTE TO THE NAVY

WE have devoted this issue of The Australian Women's Weekly almost entirely to the Royal Australian Navy.

The fighting ships of the R.A.N. have worthily upheld the great tradition of British sea power.

Their task has been greater than that of defending Australia's shores.

They have been in every ocean, playing an important part in the war strategy of the Allied Nations.

The articles and pictures in this issue give a vivid picture of the lives of officers and men.

The Naval Board gave special facilities to our representatives to spend some weeks aboard fighting ships.

These representatives saw and recorded not only the serious business of war at sea, but also the youthful gaiety and comradeship that make each ship of the R.A.N. such a happy community.

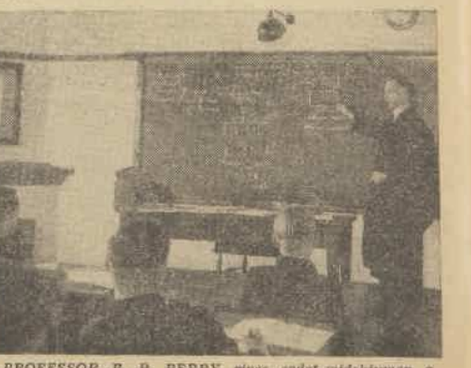
The Australian Women's Weekly warmly recognises the help the Naval Board has given us with these arrangements.

We feel privileged to be able to devote our resources to showing readers what the spirit of the Navy is, how it is developed and maintained.

OUR REPRESENTATIVES aboard an Australian cruiser at sea. From left: Reg. Harris, special correspondent; Virgil Reilly, artist; and Jack Hickson, photographer. Harris wrote the special stories. Hickson took the superb photographs (some of them in color), and Virgil did the paintings, which are outstanding features of this issue.

KNOTTY PROBLEM. Cadet-Midshipmen Ian Macgregor (left) and John Snow learn to tie clove-hitches in the navigation classroom.

RELAXATION. Fourth-year cadets watch Cadet-Midshipman P. B. Cooper (Melbourne) play a shot during a game of snooker.



PROFESSOR R. P. BERRY gives cadet-midshipmen a lesson in physics. Mathematics and physics are an important part of the lessons, as they are used in navigation.

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Small ships are happy ships and do a big job

DINNER-TIME in seamen's mess of H.M.A.S. Bendigo, a corvette. In these ships each trade group (seamen, engineers, stokers, and so on) conducts its own mess.

LIEUT.-COMMANDER H. A. LITCHFIELD, R.A.N.R.(s.), temporary captain of H.M.A.S. Bendigo. He was the late Sir Charles Kingsford Smith's navigator.

IN PORT. Crews asleep on the fo'c'sle deck of H.M.A.S. Bendigo. Work of this ship is typical of the job done by her sister corvettes.

Men prefer them though quarters are cramped and work is dangerous

The smaller ships of the Royal Australian Navy—sloops, frigates, corvettes, and Fairmile motor launches — do the lion's share of the work at sea.

Unlike the cruisers and destroyers, they have very few periods "in harbor" or at bases. The small ships' work is dangerous, but usually unspectacular, so little is heard of them by the general public.

EVERY sailor to whom I spoke, regardless of the size or type of his vessel, gave unstinting praise to the work of the smaller ships and asked, "Why don't they get some publicity? They work all the time, and take far greater risks than the more heavily armed ships."

It seemed strange to me at first that most sailors would gladly forsake the spaciousness and comparative comfort of the cruisers to get aboard one of the smaller craft.

It didn't make sense that anyone would willingly make his lot harder at sea.

He would be more restricted in movement in the small ships, would not eat as well (supplies of fresh meat and vegetables are very restricted in comparison), would be at sea longer, would enjoy few of the amenities provided by the bigger ships (movies, concerts, deck hockey, and boxing), and, with much less armament, would be more vulnerable to attack.

All my surmises were wrong! Now that I have travelled in operational waters in all types of craft of the R.A.N., I can appreciate the wisdom of the sailor in his selection.

He knows he will become a member of a small and happy family.

The duties of sloops, frigates, and corvettes are escort patrolling with convoys, mine-sweeping, submarine detection, and bombarding of enemy shore positions.

They have been used as tugs, towing ships and lighters; as troop-carriers, and for ferrying troops from ship to shore.

A number of R.A.N. corvettes are attached to the Eastern Fleet, and six of them carried out the mine-sweep off the coast of Sicily to pave the way for the Allied landings there.

Nearer home, their work has been even more arduous and continuous. Pride in their doings should be the greater because they are Australian-built.

The work done by H.M.A.S. Bendigo since she was commissioned on May 5, 1941, is typical of that of her sister corvettes.

WARDROOM PETS. Engineer-Lieut. D. M. McColl, R.A.N.R.(s.), puts the lovebirds to bed. They walk along his arm into the cage.

CREW PRACTISES small-arms firing from the stern of H.M.A.S. Bendigo. Men fire at a floating target towed in the wake of the ship.

Suicide patrol

BENDIGO arrived at Singapore in September, 1941. With the Japanese right on her heels, she was one of the last ships to leave Singapore, on February 8, 1942.

She went to Palembang (Sumatra) and Batavia, but was chased out of both places by Japanese warships and aircraft.

To enable evacuees to gain safety, Bendigo then did a "suicide patrol" in the Sunda Strait, between Sumatra and Java. She had been bombed in Singapore, and on this patrol she was constantly subjected to dive-bombing. Fortunately, she suffered nothing worse than near-misses and a few shrapnel scars.

She arrived back at Fremantle on March 8, 1942, carrying 117 evacuees, officers, and ratings, among whom were survivors of H.M.S. Prince of Wales and H.M.S. Jupiter.

After a week in port she carried out patrols off the coast.

By May, 1942, she had arrived in New Guinea waters, at the height of the Jap invasion, and was at work in the Buna-Oro Bay area on the day that Buna fell to the enemy.

Since then, apart from long-spaced visits to the mainland for refitting, etc., she has had a full-time job in enemy waters. Bendigo is known among her personnel as "Old Faithful."

The small ships are always to the fore as the enemy is gradually and relentlessly driven back. They have played a large part in the success of the New Guinea campaign. They have a still greater role to play, and every crew member is eager for the fray.

Movement on the small ships is particularly cramped. Every bit of space is utilised for some part of war ordnance. There is barely room to swing a skipping rope. Any other form of exercise is out of the question.

When seas are rough, none know it better than the small ships' crews. They have to be super-seamen.

Corvettes carry five or six officers and 80-odd ratings. The commanding officer is usually a lieutenant.

H.M.A. Fairmile motor launches, which carry three officers and 14 ratings, are used for submarine chasing and strafing of enemy shore positions. They are petrol-driven.

Built in Australia, they are cool and very compact. The ratings' mess and living quarters are combined.

Four days' fresh water supply is carried for drinking and cooking purposes only. Showers can be had only from an improvised saltwater pump on deck.

Known as the mosquito fleet, the Fairmile motor launches are commanded by lieutenants, all of whom, with the entire ship's company, are reservists, men who volunteered from all types of civilian jobs.

Average age of the Fairmiles' crew is 20 years.

Fairmiles have been of great value in rescuing crews of aircraft shot down into the sea, evacuating sick and wounded soldiers from beaches and rivers, survey duties, reconnaissance, going out at night on dangerous barge-busting operations, shooting-up the Jap supply and personnel barges which creep close in to the shore under cover of darkness.

"Q" Boats (harbor defence motor launches) are even smaller than the Fairmile motor launches, but in New Guinea have been doing a similar job.

While the cruisers and destroyers are doing the spectacular work of the R.A.N. at sea, and figuring in the news for their part in naval battles, it should not be forgotten that the small ships are doing their part—essential duties for which only they are suited.—R.H.

RUSH FOR SHOWER. Men of H.M.A. Fairmile motor launches have only saltwater for washing at sea. So most popular installation at this Fairmile base is the freshwater shower.

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Naval Commandos land with invasion troops

COMING ASHORE. The first Naval Commandos to rush to the beach carry a minimum of equipment, mainly signalling gear.

RATINGS STEADY the lines attached to a landing-craft, to prevent it swinging broadside to the beach, while a bulldozer is unloaded.

LIEUT. - COMMANDER RON McKAUGE, R.A.N.V.R., of Brisbane, who served in landing-craft in the Mediterranean, is one of the commando's two Principal Beach Masters.

They help to establish beachhead bases

A new, tough, and resourceful land force may soon write a new chapter in the already famous history of the Royal Australian Navy.

It is the Naval Commando, a unit which lands with the first waves of A.I.F. invasion troops, then immediately assumes the responsibility of establishing a beachhead base from which the Army forces can be supplied and maintained while they are in action.

THIS is an entirely new function for the R.A.N., though it was used with great effect by the Royal Navy in the Sicilian and Salerno landings.

It is a step taken because of the ever-increasing importance of Army-Navy co-operation as the Japanese are driven out of islands and bases which they strongly fortified upon occupation.

Although the Australian Naval Commando has not yet been in action as such, most of the members have undergone rigorous, specialised training for more than twelve months. Before being selected for their new and dangerous task many saw service in R.A.N. ships all over the world.

They are not meant to be combat troops, but if necessary can effectively fill the role. They have trained and lived with the A.I.F., and have learned the strategy of jungle warfare from the veterans of the New Guinea campaigns.

RADIO INSTRUCTIONS. Sub-Lieut. A. M. Aitchison, R.A.N.R., as Beach Master, controlling a Naval Commando party, gives instructions to a radio operator.

FLAGGING-IN CRAFT. Ratings dressed in jungle-green go ashore in the first wave with assault troops and flag-in the landing craft.

PERSONAL FOXHOLES. First spare minute every man has after landing on the beach is used to dig a foxhole which will give him some measure of protection from enemy strafing.

Beach reconnaissance

THE Naval Commando (sailors) is attached to an Army Beach Group which comprises a pioneer battalion, electrical and mechanical engineers, medical, transport, and ordnance units. The strength of the commando is about five or six per cent. of the total number of the group.

Two Assistant Beach Masters, each accompanied by four ratings, land at opposite ends of the invasion beach with the earliest waves. They carry only a minimum of equipment, consisting of signs and flags.

Immediately after landing, they carry out a quick reconnaissance of the beach for satisfactory landing areas for the later and larger waves of watercraft. Obstacles in the water must be carefully noted.

Having made their "recce," while walking toward each other, the two A.B.M.'s meet in the centre of the beach and compare notes, preparing a report for the Beach Master, who comes ashore a little later with another party of ratings.

Theoretically, while all this is taking place, the invasion force is driving the enemy away from the beachhead. The A.B.M.s and their ratings have erected colored signs on the beach indicating the landing points to the incoming craft.

The Beach Master, having received the reports of, and conferred with, the A.B.M.s, then carries out a reconnaissance on his own account.

By this time the Principal Beach Master has landed with the remainder of the commando. Having received the B.M.'s report, the P.B.M. settles down to supervising the real work.

It is the naval responsibility to "sound" the entire length of the beach (from a landing-craft), then set the respective areas on which the landing-craft are to beach.

"Sounding" is done to achieve a dry landing, and to get all the vehicles ashore dry shod. Heavy casualties and loss of equipment could result if faulty "sounding" caused the landing-craft to disgorge their cargo on to a false beach (sandbank), with a runnel (channel) between the false beach and the shore.

The object is to find deep passages for the heavier landing - craft (L.S.T., etc.) and shallower areas for the smaller craft.

The beach may be divided into three sections for the landing, and the Beach Master marks the beach extremities. Tactically, the beach sections are known only as a color—red beach, yellow beach, green beach—and each is marked by distinctive signs to facilitate piloting to the correct beach.

Other signs show where the various types of vehicles are to go ashore.

When this initial and important task has been carried out the P.B.M. instructs the Army engineers where the steel meshing is to be laid to facilitate the speedy exit of wheeled vehicles.

Tracked, or caterpillar - type, vehicles are not allowed to use the meshing, as they churn it up. Therefore there must be two getaways from the landing-craft to the beach exit.

The Naval Commando is responsible for the "turning round" of all watercraft at the beach, and the successful unloading of all craft in the quickest possible time.

However, all unloading is actually carried out by the Army.

Thus it will be seen that, unless they have the utmost confidence in each other, and a complete understanding of each other's function, the Beach Company Commander (Army) and the Principal Beach Master (Navy) could be at loggerheads, with a resultant chaos.

It is often necessary to have an interchange of equipment. Army bulldozers may have to be hurriedly requisitioned from another job to push off landing-craft which have broached (broadsided) on to the beach.

It is the Naval Commando's job to see that these small landing-barges beach correctly, **but** — naval personnel do not man the barges. Barges are driven by Army personnel, members of a Water Transport unit. It is very involved!

Can change places

EACH member of the commando should be capable of driving every type of vehicle and craft used in the assault. This is to ensure that there will be no hold-up or congestion should the proper driver be killed, wounded, or injured in the landing.

The Principal Beach Master has complete authority in the unloading, and must use his discretion to see that vessels are not kept in the danger area of the beach longer than necessary.

If the Army is unable to clear the beach of stores and equipment quickly enough, the P.B.M. can order all craft to pull out and lay offshore until it has been cleared.

Every member of the commando has been trained to be self-supporting if cut off from the main body. He is expert in bushcraft, and has learnt to live off the land.

He has been trained in the use of all small arms, and can strip and assemble the weapons in the dark.

The commando has learnt demolition work, handling of high-explosives, bridge and road building, barbed wiring—things which previously have been no concern of the seagoing naval rating.

LIEUT.-COMMANDER D. BARLING, R.A.N.R.(s.), who is one of the commando's two Principal Beach Masters.

When I visited the Naval Commando training area, on a lonely Queensland beach, the two P.B.M.'s, Lieut.-Commander Dudley Barling, R.A.N.R.(s.), of Manly, N.S.W., and Lieut.-Commander Ron McKauge, R.A.N.V.R., of Brisbane, were busy putting their men through their paces.

Lieut.-Commander Barling, just turned 45 years, served in the last war as an apprentice in an Australian troopship. In 1927 he defeated Ambrose Palmer for the Australian amateur welterweight championship.

He voluntarily gave up command of the corvette Ballarat to become commanding officer of one of the commando sections.

Although the average age of the commando is 23, Barling is as fit as any of his men.

He rises each morning at 6.30, shaves, then runs a mile and a half along the beach. At the end of the run he does deep-breathing and physical exercises, swims back half a mile, then runs the rest of the way.

Finally, he throws a medicine-ball or boxes with his officers and ratings. All live in tents pitched on the sand-dunes just above the waterline.

He was commander of the Ballarat in the Malayan campaign, and brought her safely out of Java. She was the last warship to leave. He had her at the height of the fighting at Milne Bay, Buna, and Oro Bay. He was executive officer on the Landing Ship (Infantry) H.M.A.S. Manoora in the Tanahmerah Bay-Hollandia-Aitape operation.

Lieut. - Commander McKauge joined the Navy in 1940, and sailed for England after gaining a direct commission at Flinders Naval Depot.

After training at Hove, he was drafted to Combined Operations for service in landing-craft. He served 14 months in the United Kingdom, ferrying L.C.T.'s.

He took over command of one of the original tank-landing craft in the Mediterranean.

He was promoted to flotilla-officer, supplying the British 8th Army from El Alamein to Sousse (Tunisia). Then he was promoted to squadron-officer, the craft being utilised for training Army personnel in amphibious operations before the Sicilian and Salerno landings.

His most impressive memory is the re-entry to Tobruk with the 8th Army. He had been chased out six months previously.—R.H.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, September 13: Reg. Edwards' Gardening Talk.
THURSDAY, September 14 (from 4.30 to 4.45): Goodie Reeve presents "Radio Charades."
FRIDAY, September 15: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in "Gems of Melody."
SATURDAY, September 16: Goodie Reeve presents Radio Competition, "Melody Foursome."
SUNDAY, September 17 (4.15 to 5.0): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."
MONDAY, September 18: Goodie Reeve's "Letters from Our Boys."
TUESDAY, September 19: "Musical Alphabet."

Dickens adapted for radio

Booksellers everywhere today report an enormous demand for the classics, particularly for the novels of Charles Dickens, Jane Austen, and the Brontes.

CONSEQUENTLY Ellis Price, in answer to many requests, is presenting a dramatic reading of a specially adapted radio version of "David Copperfield" from 2GB every Monday to Thursday at 9.30 a.m.

"David Copperfield" is the most popular of all Dickens' works. Few books provide such rich material for radio, and Mr. Price in his reading of it retains all that has made it so well loved.

In his early radio days, 17 years ago, Ellis Price broadcast many excerpts from Dickens' works, and from their reception he feels confident of the popularity of this feature.

Some readers consider that Dickens exaggerated many of his characters. Others hold that he did not exaggerate, but saw people as through a magnifying-glass.

He drew a great variety of characters with bold, unerring strokes, and Ellis Price believes that this sharp delineation makes them ideal for radio.

The characters in "David Copperfield" are familiar to most people. Micawber, confident of something "turning up," the hypocrite Uriah Heep, the devoted Peggotty and old Mr. Peggotty, his niece Emily, Betsy Trotwood, handsome Steerforth, and David himself all have made indelible impressions on the memories of readers.

Ellis Price will also continue his session for the "Older Folk" every Friday at 9.30 a.m.

FILM GUIDE

★★ **The Heavenly Body.** A loosely knit story and some dull sequences prevent this film from being a snappy comedy. The tale tells of the difficulties that beset a professor of astronomy (William Powell) when his wife (Hedy Lamarr) decides to study astrology. Hedy looks as glamorous as ever, but has little flair for comedy. You will see Spring Byington as the fluttery neighbor, Fay Bainter as chic astrologer, and James Craig as air-raid warden.—St. James; showing.

★ **We'll Meet Again.** Fans of the popular English radio singer Vera Lynn will find her screen debut interesting, otherwise there is little to recommend this film. The story is trite and Geraldo's orchestra shows a lack of imagination. Miss Lynn's singing is appealing, but her screen personality unimpressive, and her acting inexperience painfully noticeable.—Lyceum; showing.

The Lady and Monster. Not even a capable actor like Erich von Stroheim can bring conviction to the role of scientist conducting research on keeping the brain alive after death. His assistants are Vera Hruba Ralston and Richard Arlen, also handicapped by poor material.—Capitol and Cameo; showing.

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, captured Nails, a gangster, who kidnapped
LOTHAR: Mandrake's giant Nubian servant, before a wrestling match. The Nubian broke his arm in escaping; but it set again. Lothar is signed up by Sharpy, his manager, for a return match with
THE CHAMP: Who is sure that he can beat the Nubian. Held apart by police, the two sign the contract for the fight. Lothar's heart is not in the fight, and he intends quitting. In the dressing-room the Champ taunts Lothar, pushes him aside, so that he trips over a bucket. NOW READ ON.

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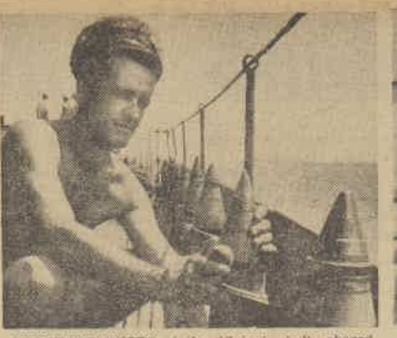
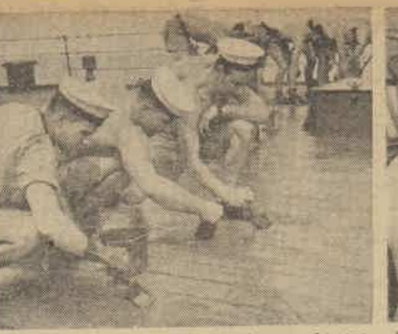
TOMBOLA (housie-housie) is the recognised Navy gambling game. Deck race meetings are also held.



CHECKING FUSES of the 4.7-inch shells aboard a warship. Petty-Officer D. J. Owen, of Adelaide.



PAINTING THE DECK. Sailors in a warship are constantly painting and scraping, fighting corrosion.

DHOBYING (washing clothes) in the bathroom. Temperature is over 100

HOW SAILORS LIVE ABOARD

First duty is to maintain fighting efficiency of ship in which they serve

Story by REG HARRIS : Pictures by JACK HICKSON

CAPT. DECHAINEAUX, R.A.N., H.M.A.S. Australia, inspects Divisions (Naval term for parade).

SHAVED for coolness, Leading-Seaman Mitchell writes home.

Everything and everyone in a ship of war at sea is subordinated to "fighting efficiency." These two words intrude into every minute of the day and night.

I soon realised this when I travelled in the cruisers H.M.A.S. Australia and H.M.A.S. Shropshire and a number of smaller ships during a period spent in operations with the R.A.N. on a special assignment for The Australian Women's Weekly.

THE life of a sailor aboard a cruiser is divided between, first, maintaining and improving the fighting efficiency of the ship; second, maintaining the domestic and internal economy; and, third—a very poor third at that—indulging in some form of recreation.

Seamen spend between eight and twelve hours a day in "shifts" (watches) of four hours seven days a week, keeping watch at guns and lookout positions, scrubbing decks, polishing brass, cleaning weapons, scraping and painting metal—thousands and thousands of jobs that must be done.

Every man does his job painstakingly. He knows his life and the life of everyone on board during battle depends upon the thoroughness with which each has carried out his separate task.

I am not dramatising nor exaggerating when I say that every man is intensely eager to close with the Jap fleet. Many have old scores to settle—ships have been sunk under them, or brothers and friends killed.

All are exasperated with the almost fruitless search for a fleet which will not engage in action.

Floating arsenal

EVERY few hours during the day, and more often at night, men do rounds through all adjacent compartments to see that magazines and shell rooms are in order.

Smoking is forbidden below decks—every ship of war is a floating arsenal.

Regulations are more rigid in magazines. No man is allowed to enter until he has removed from his person all matches, cigarette lighters, keys, knives—in fact, any metal that might cause a spark.

Any flash, no matter how small would possibly set off the magazine and blow the ship out of the water.

Engineroom personnel have to maintain an equally ceaseless vigilance. Their weapons are the turbines and boilers. Their working conditions, especially in the tropics, are such that none except of their hardy breed could stand up to it.

Every day there are drills and practices with the weapons carried by a modern cruiser—eight-inch and four-inch guns, Bofors, pom-poms, Oerlikons, torpedoes, and small arms.

Practice, practice, practice—perfection may be reached, but it is never acknowledged.

Sometimes this draws lurid and bawdy remarks from battle-experienced seamen who know their task has been perfect in its execution.

Then the ship's officers are really happy—they say a man is at the peak of his efficiency when he is growling. It is true that, almost without exception, the greatest moaners are the best workers.

A large and ever-growing percentage of the ship's company are technicians—men with a high degree of knowledge and skill.

They include ordnance, engineroom and electrical artificers, signalmen, wireless operators, blacksmiths, coppersmiths, painters, butchers, bakers, cooks, stewards, surgeons, physicians, sick-berth attendants, dentists and dental mechanics.

Each one plays his part in maintaining fighting efficiency; each department's efficiency is jealously watched by its officer-in-charge—the whole is administered by the Executive Officer, who is responsible to the captain.

An integral part of fighting efficiency is the domestic economy of the ship, and hundreds of men spend their day ministering to it. Food must be provided, cooked, and served three times a day for over 1000 men.

Electric power and light also is provided, as practically every gadget on the ship is electrically operated.

What of fighting efficiency if the engineers failed to keep the dynamos, generators, and turbines in first-class order?

What if they failed to produce the huge quantities of fresh water (distilled from sea water) that are a daily necessity?

The problem of providing and feeding the thousands of different types

LEADING-STEWARD A. S. (Dick) EVES, of King's Cross, Sydney, serving fruit juice in wardroom mess of H.M.A.S. Shropshire. Because of his neatly trimmed beard and his weight, more than 15 stone, he is nicknamed "Falstaff."

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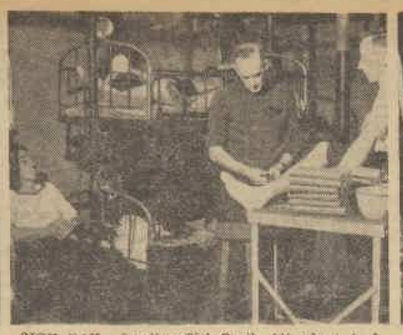
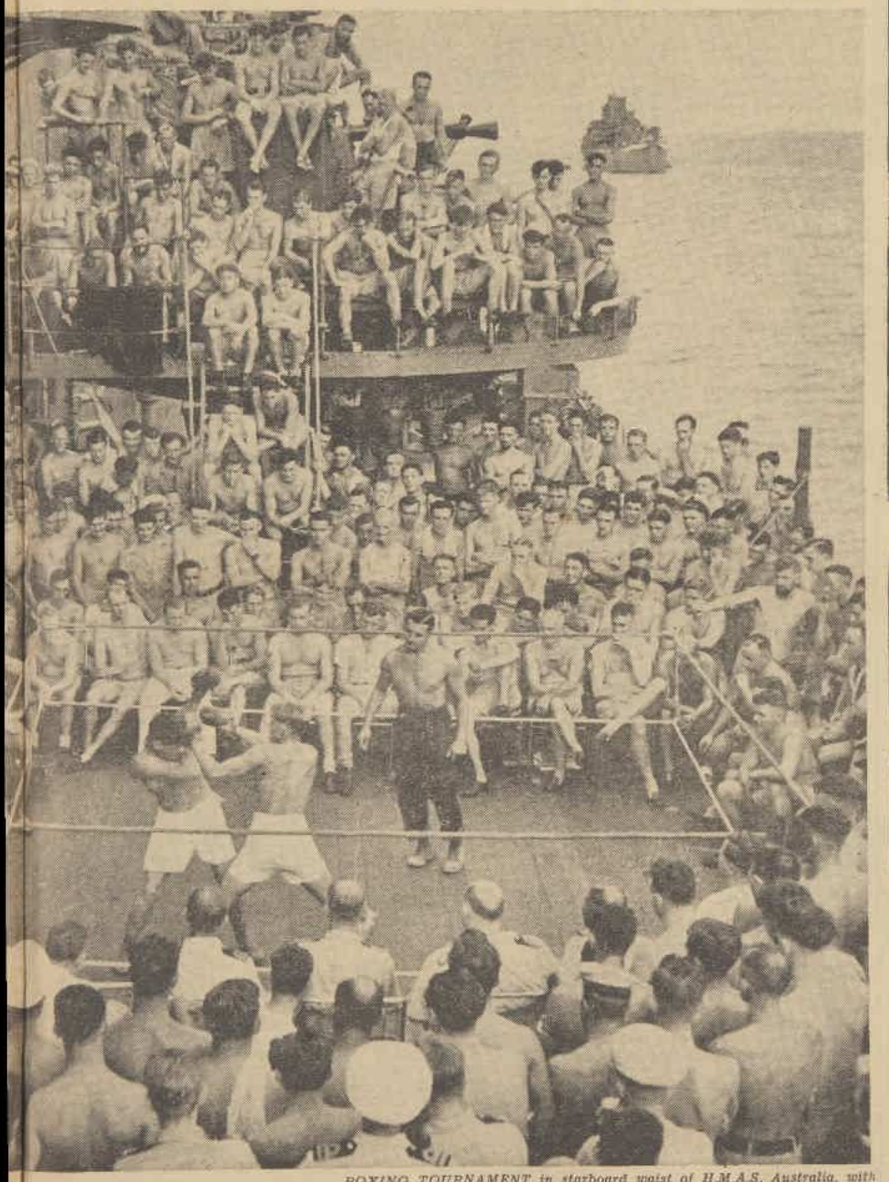
the seamen's
of degrees.



SICK BAY. Leading Sick-Berth Attendant A. J. Collier attends Chief-Shipwright Munn.

STOKER, with goggles to protect his eyes, adjusts the oil-spraying mechanism on the furnace.

R. A. N. CRUISERS AT SEA



BOXING TOURNAMENT in starboard waist of H.M.A.S. Australia, with ship's company on all vantage points. Boxing is a popular sport in the Navy.

SAILORS off duty in afternoon asleep in odd positions on stokers' mess-deck. Hammocks are too hot for tropics.

of stores alone requires a large and skilled staff, headed by the paymaster-commander.

Their work is greatly complicated, their ingenuity and skill tested, as operational areas move monthly farther and farther away. If technical stores become exhausted or damaged, makeshift ones must be made quickly to replace them.

Generally, the ship does all her own repairs and maintenance. The necessity for refitting or major repairs is the only thing that takes the warship back to ports where members of the crew are able to obtain hurried and limited leave.

Tropical conditions at sea produce a particularly savage type of corrosion on all metal, which must be fought unremittingly by cleaning, scraping, polishing, and painting above and below decks.

The perspiration pours out of the sailor's body as he toils, clad only in shorts or swimming-trunks. Occasionally he must knock-off work and emerge for a spell of fresh air and a smoke.

And what does he do when he gets a few hours to himself?

Unquestionably, the most popular answer is "get the head down," which, in naval jargon, means sleep.

A sailor rapidly acquires the habit of being able to sleep anywhere, in any position, at any time of the day.

At night, members of the ship's company sleep at their action stations, most of which are steamingly hot because they must be battened-down ready for action at a moment's notice.

This also requires many to sleep on steel decks in the passageways.

The peculiar positions and attitudes into which they work themselves must be seen to be believed. For instance, the men in the eight-inch gun turrets could achieve fame as contortionists when they leave the Navy.

There is not one spot in the machinery-crammed turrets where a man could stretch out full-length. But that doesn't worry the gun crews.

They curl themselves over, under, or round the machinery, lie in cramped positions on narrow walking planks stretched across fifteen-feet deep gun-wells; lie on corrugated rows of shells in the eight-inch shell racks; or sleep in cramped sitting positions in corners, with their heads cradled on their knees.

"SCRAN" TRAY, holding entire meal. A/B. Eric Edmondson, of Melbourne.

Many use their steel helmets as pillows.

Writing letters takes up a good deal of the sailor's spare time.

As well as reading or listening to amplified music throughout the ship, he may be found exercising with a medicine-ball or skipping-rope, boxing, playing deck hockey, or doing his daily dhobying (laundering).

When "in harbor" films are screened nearly every night.

Next in popularity to the cinema is the famous Navy game of Tombola (better known to landlubbers as housie-housie). This is played every day, and a percentage of the takings goes to the ship's canteen fund, is used for dances in port, recreation equipment, and so on.

The importance placed upon Tombola as relaxation for the seamen was evidenced earlier this year.

Immediately after H.M.A.S. Shropshire had completed her bombardment of Japanese shore positions on the Admiralty Islands, a message was piped all over the ship from the bridge: "Tombola is now being played in the torpedo space."

All who could leave their watches joined in the game. The torpedo space, between port and starboard torpedo tubes, is the ship's mustering area, where all sports are played and religious services conducted.

Deck race meetings are a regular Saturday afternoon feature. An official tote is operated, but no bookmakers are allowed.

To ensure that the races are "honest," all cords are stretched and soaked before being attached to the wooden horses and spindle. The racecourse—a fifteen yards straight—is packed for each meeting.

Many of the men are taking the opportunity to fit themselves for life "on the beach" (when they become civilians) by taking correspondence courses on subjects ranging from accountancy to radio engineering.

The cruisers carry an instructor-lieutenant, former schoolteacher, who holds regular classes. In wartime and in peace his time is occupied teaching ratings mathematics and other subjects directly essential for the roles they are playing in the ship.

It is the opinion of Captain H. A. Showers, captain of the Shropshire, and former commander of the Royal Australian Naval College at Flinders, that "the Australian seaman possesses a higher standard of education than any other seaman in the world." He quickly masters the intricacies of mechanism in a modern warship."

Even though operating at sea for long months, the ship's crew and officers are paid fortnightly. There is a well-stocked canteen from which they can make almost any purchase.

But it does not matter what facilities there are for a seaman's recreation, only one thing will keep his spirit and his morale at a maximum. It is mail from home. The word spreads through the ship like wildfire whenever bags of mail are brought aboard.

It is probably impossible to reveal to people living ashore just what it is like to live and work and fight aboard a warship. But this can be said for it—it is a man's life, and weaklings soon go to the wall.

When the sailor finally "goes ashore" he takes with him, unconsciously perhaps, certain priceless knowledge. He knows, from his shipboard experience, that in a community every man is dependent, in some way, on his neighbor, and that the lowest form of life is the spectator and the idler.

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Murder In Tow

Continued from page 10

BILL interrupted her: "He's lying. The police know it, but they can't get it out of him. I'd give a lot to know myself. He's a tough baby."

Her eyes gleamed. She took a tighter grip on her cherry-red purse. "Where is he?"

"Now lay off, Aunt Olive. Let the police alone."

"But where is he, this man?"

"Getting into his boat. See?"

"Oh, that nasty, smelly green one? But doesn't that mean the police are through with him?"

"Guess they've given it up temporarily."

"Well, then, there's no law against people talking to one another, is there?"

She bustled to the edge of the landing stage and stopped the casting off of the stern ropes. After a moment's conversation with Fishy Jo she was helped aboard. They disappeared into the cabin. The door slammed shut.

The police passed a look of uncomfortable surmise among themselves, but nobody interfered. One man busied himself with spraying the skiff for finger-prints without results. Another took pictures of the printed message on the seat.

After some time Mrs. Paige appeared. She took half a dozen deep breaths. Fishy Jo produced Chesterfieldian manners. He helped her ashore with nothing missing but a salute of twenty-one guns.

Mrs. Paige smugly walked toward her nephew, past the glumly conjecturing faces of the police. "Come, William. Let's go."

Bill beckoned to Bundy. When she came closer he was concerned at the suffering visible on her pale, drawn face. She really was sick. He must get her home quickly. He piloted the two women up the crowded steps and along the pier. There was not much conversation until they reached Bill's car.

Then Mrs. Paige said eagerly to Bill: "The skiff was left in Fishy Jo's boathouse on Tuesday night. He found it at dawn when he went out. There was a note pinned to it, and a ten-dollar bill. The note said if he took the skiff out in his smack and dumped it into Tampa Bay on Wednesday morning early he'd get ten more."

"I needn't ask how you got this dope. But how do you know he is not lying again?"

"My dear, that man has been grossly maligned. When he is appealed to properly he's perfectly reasonable and nice."

"How much?"

"Never mind, William. You have your methods and I have mine."

Bill laughed. "Did you find out if he knows who left the skiff?"

"He doesn't know. He said he thought it was some man wanting to play a trick on his sweetheart or wife. He says he was not supposed to report seeing the boat to the police. But he began thinking. He's quite intelligent. He thought maybe somebody saw him dump it over. Or maybe he was being framed."

Bill said sardonically, "What happened, of course, was that he did not get the promised second ten bucks and he got sore."

"Yes. Wasn't that unfair? Mean! After making him run such a risk. I told him so. You know, he is rather fascinating in a crude, bold way."

"Watch your step, Aunt Olive. Why didn't you tell the police what you found out?"

"My dear, they had their chance. Good heavens, it would be insulting for me to assume I was better than they were!" Mrs. Paige giggled mischievously. She took a memo pad from her purse and scribbled, "Get cheque cashed." Then, tucking it away again, she said, "Lend me a dollar, William, just to get to the bank."

Bill complied resignedly. "I give up. Aunt Olive, couldn't you take Bundy home in your taxi? I have work to do. No, thanks, I don't need any more help. Thanks for what you've given me."

He watched them whirl away in a cab and drove to a drugstore to call the police station.

"Lieutenant French speaking. I'd like permission to search Sinclair's place again."

"Help yourself, lieutenant. We'll send out a man to meet you there with keys."

Bill didn't want any assistant. He surmised their idea was to make sure he didn't hold out any discovery on them. These implications were heavily veiled in polite phrases.

He had only a few minutes to wait after reaching Sinclair's garage apartment. The young officer, Harvey, rattled up to the door on a motor-cycle and produced keys.

Bill wasted no time upstairs. He was interested only in the garage with its soaked floor. He began to search every inch of the walls with a strong microscope. The two-by-fours were exposed.

"What're you looking for, sir? Maybe I could help?" The young officer's words were seemly, but he couldn't quite conceal his amusement.

Bill pointed to the spiderlike spot he had noticed before. It was round with several little spurs like legs running off in one direction. There were other similar spots. Very tiny. But through the glass their dark red color was identifiable.

He had scraped off one of these and applied a simple test. His smile indicated it had been successful.

"Blood. I thought it was the other day, but it might have been red paint. Didn't want to report them till I was sure. Here are some more ten feet away. These have tails sprayed out in the opposite direction. It shows the blood came from some spot in between."

Harvey had stopped smiling. He found more of the tell-tale tiny splotches. Without the microscope they were hardly noticeable. Like so many converging radii, they centred in the dampest portion of the earthen floor.

"Harvey," Bill said, "Sinclair was killed here. He must have been hit with something heavy that dropped him in his tracks. It would have to be some blow that sprayed blood spots so far in such a circle. All the larger spots have been washed off. The killer was in too much of a sweat to finish and scram to bother with these tiny stains."

Harvey nodded soberly.

Bill went on: "I'm positive Sinclair had those valuables of Mrs. Peckham's concealed down here. Someone broke in and started to hunt for them. The upstairs was ransacked first, which proves Sinclair wasn't home."

"Why first, sir?"

"Well, it seems clear that Sinclair was killed or at least attacked down here. There are no bloodstains upstairs. And even an iron-nerved killer would not be apt to go on searching for half an hour after a murder and after disposing of the body. That upstairs suite is a wreck. Took time."

"I see. But where's the man's body? Take a lot of nerve and luck to get it out of here and over to the bay unobserved, sir."

"Yes. So it isn't out of here."

Harvey's bulging gaze flashed furiously over the entire interior. "But it has been searched, sir."

"I know. Was Sinclair's car moved? Weren't you here when they searched the place?"

"Yes, sir. No, the car wasn't moved, but they looked it over well, sir. Every inch. There's no body in it."

"Have you looked under it?"

"Yes, sir. We all looked. Ground seems good and hard. Packed down. Nothing but the usual puddle of oil underneath."

"Usual? Look again. Some puddle." Bill opened the car hood, wiped the oil plunger, and tested the oil. The greasy mark was only a film at the bottom. He peered into the works. "Just as I thought. Cock's open. Car's been drained of oil."

Harvey's voice was high. "But why, sir?"

"Let's push this car out of here."

They unlocked the door, shoved out the car, and locked up again. A considerable pool of oil had not yet soaked into the ground. It did seem hard-packed and undisturbed. Harvey kept stealing glances at Lieutenant French's face, as if puzzled by his enthusiasm.

"Maybe the oil's just another blind, sir. Like the boat?"

"Maybe not." Bill found what he was looking for. A heavy tamp with a round iron base. The curve fitted into a great number of faint circular impressions on the ground. Someone had smoothed over many of these with perhaps a foot. But he had not been thorough enough. The tamp and shovel were slightly oily, suspiciously clean of dirt.

Bill brought a bucket of water. He poured it into the pool of oil. Harvey watched in tense silence. Bill poured on two more bucketfuls. Then he stood watching it too.

AFTER half a minute two big bubbles undulated to the surface. Then another. Then groups of little ones burst all over the greasy pool. It bubbled like a cauldron.

Bill met Harvey's appalled stare.

"How are you with the shovel? It's going to be a mean job. Better scoop up some of the oil in a pail first."

Harvey took off his coat, rolled up his trousers, and got to work. It was a very unpleasant task. Now and then he rested. It was evident he was not going to be pleased if this 'punishment resulted in farce. But, thirty inches down his shovel struck metal. Feverishly he removed more dirt, produced a heavy iron spanner, slightly rusted.

A few inches farther down they came upon a metal box such as the gullible use for valuables. It had been wrenched open. Bill had no doubt that it had held Mrs. Peckham's bonds.

"Go easy from here on," Bill cautioned.

"Don't need to, sir." Harvey was squatting, eagerly clawing dirt aside with his fingers. "Look!"

He brushed the mud from closed eyes, from dirty hair, once a hay-colored crest. From a craggy nose. In the forehead was a deep, violent wound. It must have been almost instantaneously fatal. The end of the spanner fitted into it exactly.

Bill said, "Better stop. That's Sinclair all right. I can identify him. You stay here. Leave everything as it is. I'll telephone your headquarters."

Bill stayed until the chief and his satellites arrived. A stream of newsmen, photographers, curious crowds followed.

Bill did not get back to Coffee Pot Drive until almost eight. He found they were waiting dinner for him. As he went into his bedroom to wash, Pansy slid in quietly from the kitchen.

"Excuse me, Mistuh William, but Mothuh's in the kitchen. Aftuh dinner, I think she'll talk to you if you come in. I been workin' on huh all aftuhnoon."

"Good. I'll see her."

Dinner was lively, with scant attention paid to the food.

After dinner Bill went out to the kitchen. Mrs. Warner looked sulky, but cowed. Pansy controlled her with a whiplike glance.

"Mothuh has somethin' to tell you Mistuh William. Go on. Tell him what you told me."

Mrs. Warner snorted. "Pansy boun' an' 'termined Ah should talk to you, Mistuh William. But Ah sho hates to bust de bestest spell of good luck Ah' evah had."

"Police aren't good luck, Mrs. Warner."

She blinked. "Uh-huh."

"But maybe we won't need to bother them." He was studying her primitive features. They reminded him of something. He tried to recall it.

Her sigh of surrender sent ripples through her big body. "Mistuh William, suh, is you broad-minded?"

"Very likely."

Well, it was like this. A few days ago she had been called to the Paige telephone. A sepulchral-voiced stranger had given himself an introduction to her. P'fessuh Astro, the Great Eastern Mystic. He was hunting for a Mrs. Rosalia Warner. Spirits had given him a message for her. They were pretty sore he hadn't found her.

Mrs. Warner was thrilled. Fortune-tellers for years had warned her of good luck.

Next day she went to the post office as instructed. Asked for a letter addressed to her at general-delivery window. It had contained a note and ten bucks, United States cash money, no foolin'. To prove its negotiability she had instantly purchased this very cerise rayon ensemble she was wearing!

The note said if she wanted more good luck come to a certain bench in Crescent Park. Come alone, exactly at midnight. Bring this note and envelope with her.

Well, suh, the bench had been kinda da'k, and so was the gemmun on it. Did Mrs. Warner mean colored? Yes, she guessed she did. Colored gemmun with a large beard and dark glasses. Could he have been a woman in disguise? No, of course not, because it was the altruistic professor himself. He had so announced it in that ghostly monotone so impossible to identify.

Mrs. Warner had been given an envelope of rare conjure powder. Looked like flour to her. Was supposed to be put into a cake which only a white gemmun was to eat. Did Mr. William recall the nice lil cake he had praised so highly the other noon? It hadn't hurt him.

Next day she had received twenty bucks at the general-delivery window. She'd had a delirious time blowing the money.

Please turn to page 27

MAIL DAY means a lot to ship's company

Mail day in the Navy is full of excitement, with a mixture of humor and sadness.

In this letter to his mother, a sailor tells what it means to the ship's company when the postman comes aboard. It was written by Signaller W. H. Bowmaker, R.A.N., serving in the Indian Ocean, to Mrs. L. W. Bowmaker, Orana, Wunda Rd., Concord West, N.S.W.

"I DON'T think I've ever told you what mail day is like on board ship, so I'll spin you the dit now.

"When you enter harbor the first man ashore is the 'postman.'

"Of course, there are some who hope there is no mail, because they feel sure that their 'squary' or 'good sort' has thrown them over, and they are just about to get a letter telling them.

"For the next hour or so very little conversation goes on other than an occasional 'Is it here yet?' or 'Any clues?' or 'What's the buzz?'

"The signalman on the bridge is equally on the alert, and watches the wharf with an eagle eye through a telescope. As soon as the 'postman' heaves in sight he calls out, 'It won't be long now' or some similar remark.

"He tries to count the mailbags as they are handed into the boat.

"In the flash of an eye the buzz is round the ship that there are twenty-odd bags ashore to come off, and generally by the time it has reached all corners of the ship it has increased to twice the number.

"When the mail boat reaches the ship it has a welcoming committee of about three-parts of the ship's company — all who dare risk the Jimmy's wrath (Jimmy is the first-lieutenant).

"Shouts of applause greet the 'postman.'

"Duty watch musters and carries the bags on to the mess deck.

"Then, silence, the 'postman' walks over to the bags. Carefully he selects one and breaks the seal, and up-ends the contents on the deck.

"Bellows of delight generally greet the first bag opened, and the 'plastic' picks up a handful of letters and stands calling out the names.

"You've no idea of the thrill one gets when he hears his name called out above the ever-increasing din.

"Gradually the pile diminishes, and then come the parcels.

"Promptly the men group into messes, and as soon as your name is called all your 'oppos' step forward and look after it for you.

"After distribution the messes retreat to their own prepared positions and help you open that marvellous thing, the parcel. All edibles are shared in the mess.

"So much for the best day in the Navy, 'Mail Day.' May God preserve it and keep it coming."

THE letters you receive from your men-folk in the fighting Services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen.

For each letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1. For briefer extracts 10/- or 5/- is paid.

"In My Humble Opinion"

CONDUCTED BY

FRANK STURGE HARTY

Informal chats on how to get the most out of life . . .
Musical interludes.

10 p.m. Sunday 2GB

2GB WAR DIARY

Written by Kurt Offenburg.

Presented by Colin McAlister.

Mon., Tues., Wed. & Fri., 10.15 p.m. 2GB SUNDAY 6 p.m.

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As I Read the STARS

by JUNE MARSDEN

SEPTEMBER 16 and 17 may prove fortunate for many people, especially those born under the signs Virgo, Taurus, Capricorn, Scorpio, and Cancer.

These people should utilise the two days wisely and fully in their search for new goals, changes, and happiness.

Geminians, Sagittarians, and Piseeans must live quietly now, avoiding changes, discord, and loss.

However, Geminians, together with Librans and Aquarians, should plan now for the better times ahead.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:—

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): September 14 (to midday) pleasing and helpful; try to finalise important affairs. September 15 (afternoon) fair.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Plan ahead and work hard in seeking desired goals and changes. September 16 (morning) fair; utilise noon to 10 p.m. fully. September 17 excellent, especially forenoon to 3 p.m. and late evening. September 18 (midday) and September 19 (4 p.m. to midnight) good.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Beware discord, upsets, obstacles, and worry now, especially September 15 (evening), 16, 17, and early 18. September 19 tricky.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Make good use of September 13 (midday hours). September 16 (noon to 9 p.m.), and September 17 (9 a.m. to 4 p.m. and late evening). September 18 and 19 unreliable.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): September 13 (afternoon) fair. September 14 (to midday). September 18 (evening), and September 19 (4 p.m. to midnight) are all helpful for minor affairs.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Attend to important matters now. Make new ventures, changes, and seek advancement on September 16 (noon to 10 p.m.). September 17 (9 a.m. to 3 p.m. and late evening) excellent. September 12 (midday) and September 13 (afternoon) good September 14 (to noon) very good. September 19 (near noon and after 4 p.m.) good.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Plan for better times ahead. September 14 (to 1 p.m.) and September 18 (near noon or after 4 p.m.) good. Signs of coming benefits evident then.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Make good use of September 16 (noon to 10 p.m.). September 17 (forenoon to 4 p.m. or after 9 p.m.) good for semi-important affairs. September 18 (morning) and September 19 (4 a.m. to 9 p.m.) poor.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Troublesome times if you are rash. Avoid changes, delays, and discord especially on September 16, 17, early 18, and September 19 (afternoon).

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Fortunate prospects now, so be wise and diligent. Seek progress, gains, favors, especially on September 14 (to midday), September 16 (to 10 p.m.), and September 17 (9 a.m. to 3 p.m. and late evening).

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Routine best now, but plan for better times ahead. September 18 (evening) and September 19 (midday and after 4 p.m.) helpful.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Be on guard against losses, opposition, unwise changes and upsets, for all can bring regret and worry. Live quietly and wisely, especially on September 16, 17, 18 (early), and the afternoon hours of September 19.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

Animal Antics

"Hello! Escort Bureau?"

Fashion PATTERNS

Needlework Notions . . .

DARLING SUIT IN LINETTE

Tiny suit to make him feel important—and make him look adorable. The pattern is traced clearly on a hard-wearing material named Linette in shades including blue, green, lemon, pink, natural, also white. It comes to you ready to cut and sew.

The design shows a little double-breasted shirt with turn-back collar gaily embroidered with twin anchors. The sleeves are short, the waist belted, and the trousers are straight and tailored.

Sizes 2 to 4 years, 5/6 (6 coupons); 4 to 6 years, 5/11 (6 coupons). Plus 4½d. postage.

When ordering, please ask No. 526.

DAINTY FROCK FOR GIRL

This little frock matches brother's nautical suit. Note the decorative anchor motifs all ready for working. Pattern is clearly traced on the same kind of material, and is available in the same shades ready for cutting and sewing. Design shows turn-back embroidered collar, short sleeves, high-fitting shoulder-yoke, and a panel skirt also trimmed with the embroidery motifs.

Sizes 4 to 6 years, 5/11 (6 coupons); 6 to 8 years, 6/6 (6 coupons). Plus 5½d. postage.

When ordering, please ask for No. 527.

526

527

F2496

F2497

F2498

F2499

F2120

F2500

F2496.—You can be a sailor girl in this nautical slacksuit—great for the beach. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/10.

F2497. — Princess - line frock featuring anchor motifs. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds., and ½yd. contrast, 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7. Anchor transfer for collar, 1/3 extra.

F2130.—Sailor style jumper-suit for girls 2 to 8 years of age. Requires 1¾yds., 36in. wide, for blouse; 1yd., 54in. wide, for skirt. Pattern, 1/4.

F2498.—Snappy little frock featuring a "sailor boy" hemline for embroidery. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7. "Sailor Boy" transfer, 1/3 extra.

F2499.—Delightful nautical blouse. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2yds., and ½yd. contrast, 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F2500. — "Jackie Coogan" outfit for boys 2 to 8 years of age. (No shirt pattern.) Requires 2yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/4. Anchor transfer for front decoration, 1/- extra.

PLEASE NOTE! To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: ★ Write your name, address and State in block letters. ★ Be sure to include necessary stamps, postal notes, and coupons. ★ State size required. ★ For children state age of child. ★ Use box numbers given on this page

"CORINNE"

FASHION FROCK SERVICE

"CORINNE"—dainty frock in summer floral

Fashioned in an all-over summer floral with predominating shades of blue, russet, cyclamen, or red, this gay little design may be had ready to wear, or cut out only for you to sew at home.

"Corinne" features a heart-shaped neckline, well-extended shoulders, and short sleeves. The long-fitting bodice is darted to fit closely, and the skirt is gathered fully all round.

Ready To Wear: 32 and 34-inch bust, 69/11 (13 coupons); 36, 38, and 40-inch bust, 74/6 (13 coupons). Plus 1/9½ postage.

Cut Out Only: 32 and 34-inch bust, 45/6 (12 coupons); 36, 38, and 40-inch bust, 49/11 (12 coupons). Plus 1/9½ postage.

How to obtain "CORINNE" in N.S.W.: Obtain postal note for required amount and send to Box 3488DD, G.P.O., Sydney. In other States use address given on this page.

Concession Coupon

AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue; 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State, as under:

Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
Box 491G, G.P.O., Perth.
Box 409P, G.P.O., Brisbane.
Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Tasmania: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only).

Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

PRINT NAME, ADDRESS, AND STATE CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME .....

STREET .....

SUBURB .....

TOWN ..... STATE .....

SIZE ..... Pattern Coupon, 16/9/'44

Special Concession Pattern

Available for one month only from date of issue.

THREE SUMMER FROCKS FOR GIRLS 2 to 4, 4 to 6, and 6 to 8 years of age.

No. 1.—Requires 2½yds., 36in. wide.

No. 2.—Requires 2½yds., 36in. wide, and ½yd. 36in. contrast.

No. 3.—Requires 2yds., 36in. wide, and ½yd. 36in. contrast.

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CHEERFUL GRIN from A/B. "Porky" Davern (Tas.).

FORTY YEARS A SAILOR, "Pop" Freeston instructs trainees of 16 and 17.

SEVENTEEN, Norman Hampson, of Sydney, is making his second trip to sea.

RIBBON of the 1939-43 Star is worn by two of these merchant seamen at International Seamen's Club, Sydney.

The men who keep the "Red Duster" flying

Merchant Navy's magnificent record of wartime service

By ADELE SHELTON SMITH

Boys of fifteen, family men, old-timers afloat for forty years, retired sailors who had not smelt the sea for years, have kept the "Red Duster"—the ensign of the Merchant Navy—flying through five years of war.

They have endured the menace of enemy warships and raiders, mines, submarines, and dive-bombers. They have delivered troops and armaments to battle areas, food and supplies to Allied countries, and brought back to Australia machinery to speed up our war factories.

AUSTRALIA'S Merchant Navy numbers 7000 officers and ratings, and many other Australian seamen have sailed the Atlantic and the Arctic in British and other overseas ships.

Our home Merchant Navy includes men of Allied countries stranded here when the war began.

The number of merchant seamen killed on duty is twice as many, on a percentage basis, as the total deaths in the three Armed Services.

Eighty per cent. of the crews of the Queen Mary and other big liners converted to troop transports to carry Australian troops to the Middle East and Malaya were Australians.

When war broke out there was a fleet of 800 ships in Australia ready to play its part.

Luxury passenger liners that had sailed out in mantles of gay streamers, faded island traders, and even tiny river-boats added a gun to their outline and carried on with their job.

When Japan began the Pacific war the most perilous seas were in sight of the Australian coast.

Five ships were torpedoed in less than a fortnight within range of a pleasant day's sailing in a yacht.

Mines were swept up in Bass Strait, and one little intrastate vessel was sunk in its home river and several of its crew lost. Early last year 19 ships were sunk in a fortnight.

Many of our merchant seamen have been through forty or fifty bombings round the islands near New Guinea. Many have been torpedoed three or four times round the Australian coast.

Nearly choked

AT sunset an iron ore ship was torpedoed off the Australian coast. There were only five survivors out of a crew of 44.

An iron ore ship is always filled with dust, and when Alf Sabiston, 57-year-old able seaman, rose to the surface the dust nearly choked him. He climbed on a hatch cover. He fell off, but struggled on again.

Four others, one with an arm broken, collected on the ship's wheelhouse, which had broken away. A Dutch bomber sank the submarine and signalled another ship to pick up the survivors.

It was dark when the rescue boat arrived, and no one saw Alf Sabiston. Four times one of the men in the lifeboat thought he heard a call, and four times they rowed on. At last they heard Sabiston calling, and came back for him.

In the lifeboat he was offered rum but asked for water. He rinsed the iron-ore dust out of his throat.

"Now I'll have some rum," he said, like the good sailor he was.

Alf Sabiston has been at sea for more than forty years, but he cannot swim.

The story of the Macdhui's stubborn devotion to her job in two days of dive-bombing at Port Moresby stirred Australia.

After the first day's attack the crew brought the ship into the wharf and finished unloading.

Next day she was anchored off shore. Eighteen Jap bombers came over. Some of the crew were literally blown off the ship.

Ten members of the crew, including the ship's doctor, were killed, and others injured.

In the two days three hundred bombs were dropped on the ship, the last stick setting her afire.

The Macdhui went down blazing from bow to stern.

One of the starkest chapters in the saga of the Merchant Navy belongs to the Mareeba, sunk by the German raider Kormorin in June, 1941, in the Indian Ocean.

For months they were at sea, crowded below decks. They had been transferred to another raider shortly before the Kormorin was sunk by H.M.A.S. Sydney.

In January, 1942, their prison ship was attacked by a submarine in the Atlantic. Some of the Mareeba's crew died, others were picked up after three days in an open boat by a German submarine, and interned in a German prison camp.

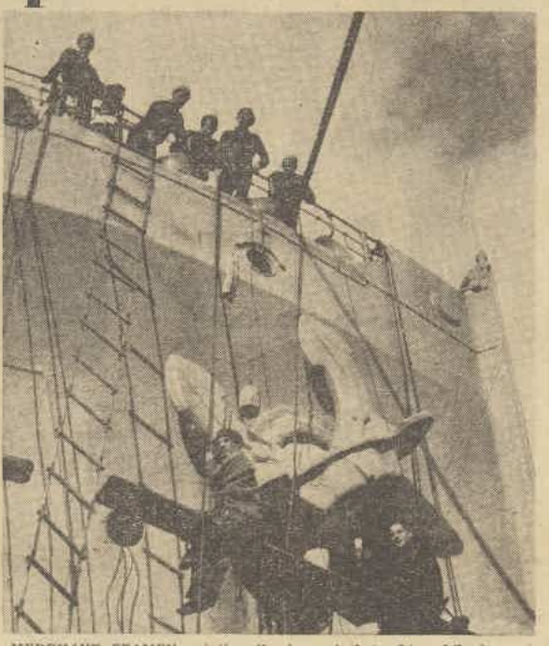
One member of the crew, Marine Cook William Jones, was repatriated to Australia after a year in the prison camp.

When a British merchant ship was sunk in the Indian Ocean, the thirty-eight survivors climbed into the lifeboats. The Jap submarine opened fire with a machine-gun and sank two of the lifeboats.

Some of the crew were killed, others feigned death and played a grim hide and seek round the one remaining lifeboat.

The Japanese demanded that the captain surrender himself. The crew at first said he was dead, but the captain gave himself up to save his crew.

The survivors could not start the lifeboat engine, so jettisoned it, as there was only three or four inches of freeboard in the crowded boat.



MERCHANT SEAMEN painting the bow of their ship while in port.

The survivors arrived in Perth after 37 days in the open boat.

Sixty miles from Sydney, in a driving rainstorm at 1 a.m., a freighter was torpedoed. Two lives were lost, and the survivors rowed their lifeboat to within sight of Sydney Heads.

Ernie Simpson, a bright and talkative young able seaman, kept their spirits up during the dreary, hazardous trip. He hailed the fishing launch that towed them into Watson's Bay.

A few days later Ernie said au revoir again to some of his mates. He was full of high spirits because he had signed on a hospital ship.

"No more torpedoes and mines for me," he said gaily.

Thirty-six hours later Ernie was dead. His hospital ship was the Centaur, sunk without warning 40 miles east of Brisbane.

Only sixty-four of the total complement of 363, medical staff, nurses, and crew, survived. Twenty merchant seamen lost their lives.

Australian Merchant Navy badge.

The crew of a freighter torpedoed at 10 o'clock at night 35 miles from Sydney owed their lives to the heroism of the wireless operator, 41-year-old Sydney ("Sparks") Stafford, who stuck to his post sending out messages giving the ship's position, and went down with the ship.

His devotion to duty brought a corvette to the rescue, and the crew, most of them in their pyjamas and nearly frozen to death, were picked up at 3.30 a.m.

About the same time another ship was sunk at nightfall, 35 miles from Sydney Heads.

The survivors owed their lives mainly to the young second mate, who came from the fo'c'sle—Patrick Brady, aged about 23, who was in charge of the lifeboat.

They rowed for thirty hours, and early in the morning people at a fishing settlement near The Entrance, N.S.W., saw them come in through the surf.

Among the survivors was Able Seaman Bill Haining, 25 years old.

He had been bombed out of a Canadian ship in the North Sea, was on a transport in the evacuation of Dunkirk, in charge of an ack-ack gun, and shot down three Focke-Wolfes, for which he won the O.B.E.

Later he was torpedoed in the English Channel, the North Sea, and the Atlantic, was adrift for sixteen days on a raft, and was unconscious from exhaustion when rescued.

This was his first Australian ship, and he had been in her only about five hours. Later he was on another Australian ship shelled by Jap destroyers off the New Guinea coast.

A year ago a small freighter bound for Darwin was bombed by a Japanese floatplane.

A bomb dropped in the engine-room and all hands were ordered to leave. White-haired George Dew, a donkeyman aged more than 60, who had been in the ship for 14 years, was badly wounded in the abdomen, but refused to leave until he had shut off the steam.

He reached the lifeboat, but died next day. He was mentioned in dispatches and in the London Gazette for his devotion to duty.

George Dew had fought in the Boer War and Great War. He was given a military funeral.

During the first Japanese bombing of Darwin, Chief-Officer Thomas Minto, of the hospital ship Manunda, manned the ship's boats to rescue men from the burning oil on the sea, and organised the fire-fighting.

Although slightly wounded in the leg he refused to have it dressed, and carried on to Fremantle with two out of four deck officers wounded.

He was awarded the M.B.E.

Six hundred Australian merchant seamen are still missing from a convoy which tried to get through the Jap blockade to Corregidor before the fortress fell.

Fifteen ships, most of them derelicts from Malay States and China, were assembled at an Australian port to carry much-needed freights to Corregidor. Volunteers were called for, and 600 seamen readily gave their services.

Of the fifteen ships, only two got through the blockade, but nothing more has been heard either of their crews or the crews of the other thirteen ships.

Most of the U.S. small ships in the South-west Pacific area are manned by Australian seamen.

Lightly armed, the small ships go right into forward zones, loaded with ammunition, food, water, medical supplies, close on the heels of invasion troops.

Many of them have endured fierce and regular attack from Japanese dive-bombers and floatplanes.

High courage

AT Merchant Navy clubs and at the picking-up points you see men of all ages, grey-headed men and fresh-faced boys, in civilian clothes, with nothing to distinguish them from other civilians but the silver "MN" badge in their lapel.

Each one of them is an individual story of high courage in incredible hardship and danger.

There is slight young Frank Sargent, cheerfully pounding swing music out of the club piano.

Frank is a Londoner whose ship was torpedoed in the Indian Ocean. All his people are still in England, but for two years Frank has been unable to get home again.

He has been working ships along the Australian coast and to New Guinea.

—George Cook, baker and pastry-cook, joined the A.I.F. in 1940, but an accident crippled one leg and he was discharged.

He joined the Merchant Navy, was cook on a ship that evacuated 11,000 people from Singapore to Durban, has been to Italy, New Zealand, New Guinea, was one of a crew of 36 picked up by a flying-boat when his ship went over in a typhoon.

For some months he has been night baker on a hospital ship, had just arrived in Bombay when an ammunition ship blew up and fire raged on the waterfront for seven days, and 19,000 people were lost.

Nurses and doctors from the hospital ship worked day and night among the injured.

Ivan ("Jack") Cecich, a Yugoslav able seaman, was in an Australian port when the war started, and joined the Australian Merchant Navy. He was in one sinking before joining the crew of the Centaur.

When the Centaur was torpedoed, he was jammed between a small boat and the davits, and is still recovering from his injuries.

Bruce ("Speed") Gordon was in the Australian Navy for four years in the last war. He joined the Merchant Navy when this war began, was a member of the crew of two former luxury liners.

He has since spent eight months in small ships round New Guinea.

These are only a few of the stories of the men and ships whose faithfulness to the traditions of the sea has helped to turn the tide of war.

Their full story cannot be told until the war ends, because many of their adventures must remain secret until the seas are safe again.

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Sailors at prayer

EARLY MASS is celebrated every morning in H.M.A.S. Shropshire in personal cabin of Catholic padre, Padre J. Roche. Here he conducts mass with four celebrants just after sunrise.

SHIP'S CHAPLAIN Colin Craven-Sands conducting a service on the quarter-deck of H.M.A.S. Australia. Because of extreme heat sailors may keep caps on, be seated informally, and service is cut to minimum. Address on this occasion lasted five minutes.

Murder In Tow

Continued from page 24

SHE was then all the readier to accept another envelope. The crystalline powder in it was to be put into any highly spiced cake which only the same white gemmun was to eat.

That was a puzzler. She didn't see how she could manage that. But along had come the welcome order to make the spiced cookies with figs. She knew Mrs. Gillam hated raisins and Mrs. Paige was on her diet, so only Mr. William would eat the raisin cookies, thus fulfilling the requirements. She had made the two kinds of cookies and left them.

Monday morning, arriving at the Paige house, she had found trouble looming on her horizon. She was scared, but with great presence of mind had thrown the blame on Mrs. Peckham.

Mrs. Warner knew the p'fessuh would be shocked to hear of the mishap. Obviously he had just happened to get a spot of poison mixed in with his charm powders, the way a puson would, if not careful.

She had spent hours and hours hanging round the post office, asking for a letter that had never come. She knew those post-office crooks were holding out on her. Doubtless they had "candled" the envelope and discovered it contained a fortune.

She raised earnest, plaintive eyes to Bill's.

"Mistuh William, couldn't you use yo' influence to make 'at man in de post office an' ovah mah lettah? Ah just knows he got it."

Bill patiently questioned her until he was tired. He got absolutely nowhere. He stared at her, nonplussed. As he stared, he realised why her features reminded him of something.

"Mrs. Warner, have you a brother?"

"Which one?" She was quickly suspicious.

"Andrew."

She shot a furtive glance at Pansy, who seemed uneasy. "Ah ain' 'sponsible fo' any trouble 'at niggah got he'self into," she said warily.

"I don't know of any trouble. He works for Mr. Tollman, doesn't he?"

"Ah doan' know nothin' 'bout him."

Pansy said wearily, "Oh, Mothuh, don't be so dumb. Ian't any harm admittin' thing like that."

Bill went out to stroll and think it over. Could Andrew have played the part of the wily professor? Surely not. Surely his sister would have recognised him and have given it away to Bill. And Andrew's methods were apt to be more direct and simple.

But Tollman. Bill nodded grimly. He remembered that Mrs. Warner always met the professor when he was seated on a bench. He could have been placed there by Andrew, his face blackened, a false beard. Glasses.

Bill swore unhappily. It would be one man's job to try to connect Tollman, or anyone else, with the elusive Professor Astro. He had covered his tracks too well.

. . . . . .

The "Evening Independent" spread the recovery of Sinclair's body across eight columns in thunderous black type.

The back page was full of pictures. The recovery of the skiff. The avid crowd on the pier. Bill recognised his aunt making her way toward the landing-stage steps. On the upper level he was puzzled to see Tollman in the front row in his wheel chair.

On the dot as usual. For an invalid he certainly got about very quickly. With that convenient weak heart.

The size of the fortune Sinclair had kept in the tin box found with his body had been exaggerated astronomically. A hundred thousand at least, one eager reporter hinted, as if news had a price mark. There was no suggestion of its being Mrs. Peckham's property.

In fact, the papers were all odiously discreet about Corinne Peckham's connection with the victim.

All of Sinclair's neighbors had been requestioned. Their extravagant flights of fancy had only confused the picture more. One woman recalled seeing two low characters lurking round Sinclair's grounds on Sunday evening. Bill grinned. Steve and he!

The sole cheering note was the fact that Bundy was cleared from suspicion in this case at least. Even if one insisted upon attributing the necessary strength to her, the opportunity was lacking. The guard at her house swore she had not left the premises from Monday at noon till Wednesday morning.

Bill left the papers and went to answer the ringing telephone.

The police thanked Lieutenant French for mentioning that marker and sighting it so well. They had salvaged same and found wires still coiled round it. There was little official doubt that it had been used to weight Peckham's body. It was from Twenty-sixth Avenue and Tenth Street, north. It was deeply nicked eighteen inches above ground level.

Residents in that neighborhood recalled a car mishap in which the marker had been knocked flat. Could the Police Department speak to Mrs. Paige for a few minutes?

Bill called her to the telephone and went out to the garage. When he got back she was hanging up. Her cheeks were pink.

"William, why in the world does it matter where Abby and I had that accident?" she demanded, trailing him into the living-room. "I paid for repairing and reinstalling that marker. Is it my fault they dilly-dallied about it until it was stolen?"

Bill tried to soothe her.

"I can't see why they are still interested in it." She eyed him suspiciously. "Sometimes I think you're not as frank with Abby and me as you could be."

"Who's not frank, Olive?" Mrs. Gillam came into the room with Myrtle as a trailer. "Won't somebody join us on Myrtle's evening constitutional?"

"Oh, nothing," Mrs. Paige said. "And my feet hurt."

Bill was glad to accept.

MYRTLE bounced ahead of them, her sharp nose quivering at every post and bush, her little sorties into the underbrush quick and diffident.

"It seems unbelievable to have all these crimes in peaceful, charming St. Petersburg," Mrs. Gillam sighed. "Haven't you even the faintest idea who is behind them all, William?" She gave him a sidelong glance.

"Nothing definite. Can Myrtle swim?" Bill watched the little dog following some trail across the public road toward the bayou and down the shore toward the short dock to which the rented Paige skiff was tied.

"No. At least I suppose not. Myrtle! Myrtle, come here!" She crossed the street with hard, annoyed steps, still calling.

But Myrtle took her time. In an olfactory ecstasy she dashed about the little dock, tossing her nose here and there, reckless of the water below. Eager to board the skiff but afraid to jump. Mrs. Gillam marched on to the dock, scooped her up, and slapped her. "You come when I call you."

Bill thought it was curious that Mrs. Gillam cared whether Myrtle plunged in or not, considering how she professed not to like her. Or had she another reason for her alarm?

Presently they reached a jungle-like growth. Myrtle went slower and slower. Hung close to Mrs. Gillam and began to make whimpering little moans.

"I think I'll go back." Mrs. Gillam stopped abruptly.

"Oh, let's finish round the block. It's no longer. Come on, Myrtle."

But Myrtle did not move. She began to whine. A high, piteous note that infuriated Bill. It was so craven. She set her feet and refused to be coaxed or prodded. It was not merely annoying. It was downright peculiar, Bill thought. This was exactly the same place she had balked before, but he had thought nothing of it the first time. Now it was plain she was terrified.

It looked like a good place for a murder.

It was a phrase that was often twisted about with humorous intent in his business. Bill thought the words without any significance. But once they were in his mind they began to acquire a sudden horrible truth.

Nobody has ever proved whether or not thoughts or emotions remain in the air like perfume to be thought or felt by the next comer. But certainly fear was in this spot. Abject, deadly fear. The dog felt it. Bill knew he felt it. He could not see into Mrs. Gillam's eyes. She had turned away.

"Well, it's no use trying to persuade her," he tried to remark casually. "Myrtle's had enough. Back we go."

He kept stealing glances at Mrs. Gillam as they came to lighter spots along the street. But she was always a little ahead of him. She made almost no remark on the way home.

When they reached the Paige grounds she hurried into the house. It saved Bill making an excuse to stay out. He slipped into the garage, got his flashlight and his second gun out of his car.

IT was definitely dark now, but he could see well enough to retrace his steps without using the flashlight. The thick, sinister growth of palmetto and vines was matted like a wall.

It was a long time before he found a way in. When he did the discovery gave him a jolt. It was a trampled-down path that writhed snakily, working always deeper into the jungle. At last, in what must be the centre of the lot, he came to a sort of open space. The weeds were crushed flat and brown. Some kind of struggle must have taken place here.

He flashed his light cautiously. In spite of years of experience, he always felt a constriction at the back of his head when he got on a really hot trail. He could feel that now.

It seemed very likely that here was the place where Peckham had met his death. So near the parked car and the handy skiff's on the bayou! Bill was almost sure of it even before he found the coil of dark bronze wire hidden under the pine needles. No doubt this long strand had been hacked from the Peckham clothesline and only part of it used.

With the slow care of his training Bill began to search every inch of the trampled area, brushing aside leaves and weeds. His thoroughness was rewarded when he uncovered a mottled green fountain pen half buried in the sandy soil. It had slid under some leaves.

He picked it up with the aid of a handkerchief, hoping it might have prints on it.

Bill made sure there was no one in sight as he stepped noiselessly out of the underbrush again.

Slowly he walked back to the house, turning over in his mind the possibilities his discovery presented. One thing was sure. He must report the pen to the police at once.

He went into the living-room for a minute to tell Mrs. Paige he was going on an errand.

Mrs. Gillam looked up from her tatting with shrewd, hard eyes. Her fingers were still for a second or two. Mrs. Paige hinted that she might like a ride, but Bill was too obtuse to understand.

He drove first to the Peckham house. A long ringing of the bell finally brought Bundy.

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R.A.N. CHILDREN'S PARTY. Mrs. C. J. Pope, president of Naval War Auxiliary, checks lists of invitations for annual party which will be held in Town Hall in December. Mrs. G. I. D. Hutcheson (standing) and Mrs. H. B. Farncomb are helpers at auxiliary and will assist with party.

BEAUTIFUL BRIDE. Mrs. Edwin Hamilton, formerly Pat Murray, with her husband, Lieut. Edwin Hamilton, U.S.N.R., leaving St. Mary's Cathedral after their marriage. Ensign E. M. Matters, U.S.N. (left), Lorna Bowen, Lieut. Rex Perkins, U.S.N., Mollie Oxenham, Lieut. John Gherett, U.S.N., and Kath Hasler attended bridal couple. Pat is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Murray, of Gladswood Gardens, Double Bay.

HOME FROM BOWRAL. Mrs. F. N. Cook, who is now in her Edgecliff flat after two months in Bowral, is shown miniature model of a Higgins landing-craft by her husband, Commander Cook, D.S.C., R.A.N. Model is one of landing-craft used by Commander Cook when he was attached to commando base overseas.

On and Off Duty.

LEARN from member of women's committee, Mrs. C. J. Pope, of wonderful work done by Royal Australian Naval Relief Fund, which helps any member of R.A.N. and dependents, no matter where he is serving.

"We have all kinds of requests when they are in need of assistance," says Mrs. Pope. "Some time ago we were inundated with letters and telephone calls asking us if we could supply perambulators for wives of members who could not purchase them. We supplied 12 perambulators in 24 hours."

Mrs. Pope tells me that recently fund has been almost turned into estate agency as so many of its members have no homes. "We can't claim same success as we had with perambulators, however," adds Mrs. Pope ruefully.

• • •

THRILLED at husband's new decoration is Mrs. Jim Morrow, wife of Commander Jim Morrow, D.S.O., D.S.C., R.A.N., who tells me she believes Commander Morrow is only member of R.A.N. to hold both decorations. Decoration was for sinking Jap submarine when in command of H.M.A.S. Arunta in 1942. "Each time anything exciting happens my husband and I seem to be apart," says Mrs. Morrow when speaking to me. "When Jim was awarded the D.S.O. in September, 1940, he was in Malta, but I had left and was doing a cipher job in Middle East. Now when he receives news of this decoration I am in Sydney and he is in another State," she adds.

Last leave Commander and Mrs. Morrow holidayed at Lapstone Hotel, and now Mrs. Morrow has returned to her flat in Macleay Street.

NANCY TAYLOR tells me she is making plans for her marriage with fiance Engineer-Lieutenant David Bluett, R.A.N.V.R., for September 30—leave permitting. Joyce Ryerson lends lovely bridal gown for occasion. Nancy, who is only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Taylor, of Roseville, will have David's sister, Alison, and Gwen Stevenson as bridesmaids.

• • •

SPEAKING to Mrs. Harold Gardiner, of Gladswood House, Double Bay, hear that her husband receives interesting news of his son, Lieut.-Commander Denis Gardiner, D.S.C., R.N., telling them that he took part in "D-Day," and later his ship took the King to France. Another exciting item was that his wife had just presented him with their third child, a daughter, on August 18. Lieut.-Commander Gardiner, by the way, won his decoration for operations at Dunkirk.

ROMANCE. Whirlwind engagement for Marjorie (Jerry) Long (centre) when she meets Lieut Bob Gotts, A.I.F., when he comes on leave to be groomsman at wedding of Wran Nancy Smith and Lieut. Frank Hoddinott, A.I.F., few weeks ago. Jerry shows Nancy (left) and Wran Pat Crawford new diamond engagement ring.

GOURMAND Surgeon Lieut.-Commander Eric Susman makes great hit, I believe, at weekly bucks' bridge party at his Darling Point flat when he serves kangaroo soup. Recipe is a Susman special, and I think beyond us city gals, as first line reads "first catch your kangaroo."

• • •

TRAVEL restrictions are setting a problem for Mrs. Charles Reid and her young son Anthony, of Elizabeth Bay, who hope to join Commander Reid, R.A.N., in Brisbane, where he now has a shore job.

RELAXING IN GARDENS of Tresco Naval Establishment, Rear-Admiral G. C. Muirhead-Gould, D.S.C., R.N., and Mrs. Muirhead-Gould inspect their victory garden with their three young sons, Andrew, John, and James, before setting off for a football match.

ALL-WHITE wedding chosen by Corporal Winifred Considine, W.A.A.A.F., when she plans wedding with Lieut. Perce Best, R.A.N.V.R., some time before Christmas, depending upon his leave. Couple will marry at Shore Chapel, where Perce is old boy, and Bishop Wilton will perform ceremony.

• • •

RETURNED to her Vaucluse home after visit to Melbourne to see her husband, Lieut.-Commander Alexis Albert, R.A.N.R., Mrs. Albert is settling down in her Vaucluse home with her three young sons, Robert, Tony, and Teddy.

INTERESTING airgraph letters arrive regularly for Mrs. T. E. Kennedy, of Bellevue Hill, from her daughter, Mrs. George Reynolds, wife of Commander Reynolds, R.N., who is now living in Colombo. George and Jean, by their last letter, had just returned from a holiday spent at a tea plantation at Kandy, and were just home again. Jean mentioned among their many Australian visitors they often see Mrs. Wal Anderson's brother, A/B Alan Atwill, R.A.N., of Sydney.

Joyce

LUNCH AT ROMANO'S. Margaret Salenger (right), who has interesting job at Naval Base Headquarters, has quick luncheon in town before commencing shift with her sister, Mrs. Maxwell Munro, wife of Paymaster Lieut.-Commander Maxwell Munro, R.A.N.R.

INTERNATIONAL SEAMEN'S CLUB. Mrs. T. Healy, hon. secretary of club, leads group of guests in community singing, while Merchant Navy man Frank Sargent, of London, plays a tune. Mrs. Healy's three sons, A/B. Jimmy Healy, A/B. Vince Healy, and Third-Officer Jack Healy, are all members of Merchant Navy.

MERCHANT NAVY CLUB. Mrs. Ernest Turnbull (right) and Mrs. Alan Potter help Merchant Navy men Henri Mathieu, of Brighton, England, and Gunner John H. Bishop, British Maritime Service, choose koala as souvenir to take home with them. Although English, Mr. Mathieu's family live in Paris, so he has special cause for celebration.

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Ack-Ack Gunner in H.M.A.S. Shropshire

● *This fine study by Virgil shows a typical lad of the R.A.N. at his action post at an Oerlikon anti-aircraft gun. He's one of the boys in their teens now doing a man's job at sea.*

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About Virgil

VIRGIL REILLY, one of The Australian Women's Weekly staff artists, spent a period aboard R.A.N. ships sketching and painting. While at sea he was deeply impressed by the spirit of the youngsters among the various ships' complements, and on this page he pays tribute to them. They must often have reminded him of his own boys, one of whom was killed in New Guinea.

THESE R.A.N. youngsters were sketched by Virgil as they slept one night huddled together for warmth at their action stations on the deck of an Australian cruiser.

You'd be proud of the kids

MY most vivid impression of my weeks with His Majesty's Australian Navy is of "the kids," your brothers and sons of 17 to 20, who are doing a man's job with the Navy.

By VIRGIL
staff artist of The Australian Women's Weekly.

I don't use the word "kids" flippantly; I use it with a sense of definite pride and affection—I'm proud to belong to the country that breeds them.

I soon began to notice their extraordinarily typical Australian make-up.

I realised with a shock that the young fellows I am used to seeing on the beaches, in the trams, shops, and offices were up there, too.

Doing a walk up and down the quarter-deck one morning about nine o'clock, I noticed two ratings busy on some paint work.

As I passed them, I heard one of them say to the other, "You know, Bill, we'd be just about getting to the office now, wouldn't we?"

ONE night I went down a passageway lit with dull shaded lights, and thought I was in Dante's Inferno. There were bodies everywhere, nude, except for their undershorts.

By their expression of "dead to the world" they might have been reclining on spring mattresses instead of steel deck.

You could see black on the soles of their feet; occasionally, too, patches of purple lotion on cuts and rashes. Sometimes you would see blue teeth, painted for mouth infection.

As I stared, startled, at the bizarre scene, a sailor came flashing a shaded torch into the sleeping faces. Every now and then he'd stoop and wake up someone—his watch had come.

He'd sit up, rub his head, and yawn, but he'd get up and disappear. I went on to my bunk, glad to belong to the same country as they.

DURING a particularly violent bombardment by 8-inch guns I could see the smaller gun crews standing by their guns waiting their turn. Two of them were reading letters.

And the nonchalant way they were doing it, you'd think it was crackers going off, instead of ear-blasting explosions! But that nonchalance soon disappeared when their time for action came.

With the twin guns pumping out shots at an incredible rate, and every man doing the particular job he's trained to, it was like looking at a lot of robots.

But they were not robots. They were very human kids. By the expressions on their faces, I think every shell carried a very impolite personal message on it.

I DON'T think there is a sadder sight in the world than the face of a boy who doesn't get a letter when the mail comes in.

I once saw a queue of boys on a destroyer lined up to read the only letter in the mail, after the owner had deducted the personal part of it.

This is true—don't smile—I saw it!

AS you work late in the wardroom the rating on watch outside the wardroom door will look through and ask you questions about home.

One, I'll swear he was not more than nineteen, if that, told me he'd been bombed and sunk eleven times.

His experiences were told with terrific shyness—it made you realise that this is a war that only youth can stand up to.

ONE night, standing on the deck of H.M.A.S. Shropshire, I was enjoying the beauty of a tropical full moon. Honestly, it was a night to take your breath away.

Overcome by this romantic, exotic South-Sea atmosphere, I remarked to a young rating, "Have you ever seen such a marvellous night?"

"Often, at Bondi," he said.

DURING a bombardment I sat crouched up inside an eight-inch gun-turret.

At last the "Cease fire" came through, and as I recovered my breath, a head came through a hole right behind me.

I had not noticed there was even an inner chamber there, much less the opening through which the grinning face appeared.

I said to him in amazement, "Who the devil are you?"

"I'm the Count of Monte Cristo, and I've been here for 20 years!" was his reply.

How can you ever dampen that spirit!

She WAS Bill's customer but

A valued client lost to him. All because he didn't make a good impression. In the long run, success depends largely on personal contacts. If "B.O." comes between you and others, it's good-bye to hopes and opportunities. For sure protection, bathe with Lifebuoy, the soap with the famous health ingredient that guards personal freshness. Enjoy Lifebuoy's rich, refreshing lather—so cleansing and gentle enough for a *baby's* skin.

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GRAND OLD LADIES OF AUSTRALIA

THEY WILL FORGIVE US, we know, our use of the word "old" . . . for it is their years which make the work they are doing so wonderful.

Grandmothers, many of them are. They had already reared their families and earned the right to leisure in their later lives. Yet when Australia was in danger, they came forward cheerfully to work at unaccustomed tasks, never heeding the protests of their tired muscles and aching backs. Their buoyancy and high courage are an inspiration to us all.

You will see them in food factories and the offices of industry, serving in canteens, wrapping comforts parcels for their own and other women's sons, minding the children of daddies gone to war, doing a hundred and one jobs that are vital to Victory.

We must always be grateful to these women in their sixties and fifties, and the "youngsters" in their forties, who have given such selfless devotion to the cause of freedom.

CONCERNING CORSETS

We at Berlei know how much you depend on your foundation garment. We know how much a scientific support means to your well-being, how it guards you against fatigue, helps your morale.

So we are sparing no effort to increase our production of corsets and brassieres, as the Government has now permitted us to do. It will take some time to make up the leeway, because skilled labour and materials have been diverted to other essential purposes.

In the meantime, you should take all possible care of your present Berlei. Here are some things to remember . . . put it on and take it off carefully . . . air before putting away . . . make repairs promptly . . . wash carefully in lukewarm suds, do not wring or twist, rinse three times, spread on towel in shade to dry (no pegs).

Berlei

TRUE-TO-TYPE FOUNDATIONS

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MEN OF THE NAVY—

CAPT. H. A. SHOWERS graduated from Jervis Bay in 1916, and served in Great War. Commands Shropshire. Says Australian seamen efficient, adaptable to seafaring life.

CAPT. J. M. ARMSTRONG is Naval Officer in Charge, New Guinea. Was Rear-Admiral Muirhead-Gould's Chief Staff Officer, after captaining H.M.A.S. Manoora.

COMMANDER GEORGE M. OLDHAM, second in command of Shropshire, was commander of Swan. He says R.A.N. small ships deserve more publicity for their job.

COMMANDER G. GATACRE, D.S.C. and Bar, mentioned in dispatches. Was navigator in H.M.S. Rodney when she sank the Bismarck. Returned from R.N. to R.A.N. in 1941.

SURGEON - COMMANDER JAMES M. FLATTERY is squadron medical officer. He rejoined flagship Australia recently. Had been with this ship from 1939 to 1942.

Waiting For Her "Cue"

Backstage:—golden haired Joan Ashton waits for her "cue" in the cold, draughty "wings" of the theatre. Soon she'll be in the heat of the spotlights, the centre of all eyes. "Cold one minute, hot the next", says Joan. "Yet it's extremely unusual for me to catch cold. A cup of Bonox now and then keeps the 'flu away". Steaming hot Bonox will keep you right, too. It sends warmth and renewed strength racing through the whole system, raises your resistance, helps you combat wogs and germs. Drink Bonox every day, especially this cold weather. Make it your reviver. Bonox; Steaming hot Bonox.

KB12

Breakers Ahead!

Continued from page 7

He stole a mysterious look round the room, then leaned confidentially across the table and whispered. "They'd have put me in the infantry—and I don't like walking!"

"Ah, then you prefer to swim?"

"Don't be so gruesome." He lit a cigarette and pondered, "I might though at that. Tell you what, it's Sunday to-morrow. Come swimming with me."

So she promised. She continued to promise all the week, and Pat yelled with delight every time.

Friday brought Phil to the door in a taxi. Friday is a hospitable day, so was the taxi. They both brought Lieutenant William Jones, of the Royal Australian Navy also.

They went upstairs together, eyeing each other with distrust. Lieutenant Jones knocked decorously on the door of the little flat, and watched Phil superciliously as he leaned over a corner of the balustrading and tried to make himself invisible.

Pat opened the door and, sizing up the situation, decided like a good general to take the initiative. She flung her arms round Lieutenant Jones' surprised neck, carolled joyously, "Why, Jonesy, you're early, aren't you?" and dragged him into the flat.

She banged the door again before the situation had time to develop, and affected not to see the lanky form draped over the balustrade. Like Nelson, she occasionally found it convenient to have a spot of eye trouble. She executed a strategic tacking manoeuvre that would not have been spurned by the aforementioned gentleman, and finished it off with a little smart signal work to Janet over Jonesy's right shoulder.

Janet was putting the finishing touches to a decidedly unique "creation." Lieutenant Jones gaped like a goldfish, only he had more definite reasons. The reasons, in fact, were many and lurid, and they hit him with unpleasant rapidity, from the rolled curl to the scarlet dress.

At last he deposited a box of chocolates on the table, took a deep breath, and shook a finger. "Really, Janet, if you think you're coming to the Smythes' with me in that . . . that . . ."

Janet broke in sweetly, "Of course not, I wouldn't dream of it William."

"Well," he spluttered, "take it off!"

She raised shocked eyebrows. "Really, lieutenant, what if anyone should hear you?"

He subsided weakly into the nearest chair, which received him unfavorably. "What in the name of . . ."

" . . . ah," she shook her finger at him. "Don't worry. I don't intend to take it off. It therefore follows: I'm not coming out with you."

"Not . . . not . . ."

"I wish you wouldn't be so inarticulate, lieutenant." Pat was signalling frantically behind Jonesy's back. There came a knock at the door. A rather diffident knock. Janet sped past the rapidly disintegrating figure in the chair and opened the door. It was the lower deck.

The back of Jonesy's supercilious fair head seemed to depress him. Pat launched herself across the room and landed neatly on the lieutenant's knee. He gave a last groan of anguish and scuttled himself. That is, the chair, which had been sharing his misery for the last five minutes, gave way under the strain and deposited him in an undignified huddle on the floor. Gravity being what it is, Pat went, too.

"Really, Jonesy," cooed Janet, raising her nice eyebrows again at the muddle of arms and legs. She turned to Phil. "Don't take any notice of them. He's rather acrobatic-minded—used to climbing up riggings, and all that, I suppose!"

Pat had closed her adaptable left eye in one all-embracing wink. In the process of getting herself up again, she inadvertently put one outstretched hand on Jonesy's face. His head bumped back on the floor again, and he emitted a Hamlet-like groan of anguish.

Janet swept Phil out with her and they laughed all the way downstairs.

Please turn to page 33

Try this SPECIAL SHAMPOO next time . . . . learn its AMAZING SECRET!

Next time you wash your hair try Sta-blond. You will be amazed at the results. And you will discover an amazing secret . . . **that only Sta-blond can bring back that lovely lighter' colour to darkened blonde hair.** For Sta-blond is made specially for blondes—it succeeds where ordinary shampoos fail.

No need for you to sacrifice your outstanding blonde personality—your natural advantage. No need to let your hair fade and darken. Keep it fair **always** with Sta-blond. And, if your hair **has** darkened, Sta-blond will **bring back** its former flashing sparkle. With it will come back lost fascination, beauty and charm.

Sta-blond is a safe shampoo. No dies—no injurious bleaches. Its precious ViteF nourishes hair roots and prevents dandruff.

STA-BLOND
THE BLONDE'S OWN SHAMPOO

Simple Way To Lift Corns Right Out

No Excuse for Cutting Corns.

Tender corns, tough corns, or soft corns can now be safely lifted out with the finger-tips, thanks to **Frozol-Ice, says grateful user.**

Only a few drops of **Frozol-Ice,** the new-type antiseptic treatment, which you can get from any chemist, is ample to free one's feet from every corn or callus without hurting. This wonderful and safe remover stops pain quickly, and does not spread on to surrounding healthy tissue. **Frozol-Ice** is a boon to corn-burdened men and women.

Why not be A Picture of Perfect Health

LOVELY and bright, "a picture of health," no wonder she attracts admiring eyes. You, too, can keep in tune, in radiant health, in the simplest way possible. Just take Bile Beans regularly—one or two last thing at night.

The purely vegetable tonic-laxative — Bile Beans create inner health while you sleep. They tone up digestion, regulate the system, and daily eliminate all harmful wastes.

So, if you want to be bright eyed, happy and fit—

Just Take Nightly

BILE BEANS

"For keeping one healthy, Bile Beans are ideal, and I take them regularly with the greatest benefit. I feel just as fit and bright after a hard day's work as I am first thing in the morning, and I'm never troubled with Winter colds or headaches."—Mrs. E. Masson.

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—SKETCHED BY VIRGIL

LIEUT.-COMMANDER J. M. ALLISTON, awarded D.S.C. in Battle of Crete, under Mountbatten's command. Received Bar later. Helped evacuate A.I.F. from Greece and Crete.

LIEUT.-COMMANDER W. S. BRACEGIRDLE, D.S.C., graduated from Jervis Bay, and won the King's Medal. He was Second-in-Charge at the gunnery school, Flinders.

LIEUT. E. P. KEATINGE, only 23, has been in R.N. and R.A.N. ships in nearly all war theatres since 1939. Convoyed A.I.F. Was in Scharnhorst chase. Served in S.W. Pacific.

LIEUT. H. B. BAYLEY is a staff officer in H.M.A.S. Australia. He was a cadet in Merchant Navy. His great-great-grandfather served in the Royal Navy under Nelson.

A/B. EARLE THOMPSON left a dull warehouse job to join the Navy. Is comedian of Shropshire. Itching to revenge sinking of his last ship, Canberra, by the Japanese.

Breakers Ahead!

Continued from page 32

BUT the night was not to end there. To Janet's horror, when they got settled at a table for dinner, there came a mighty shout, and a burly specimen bore down on them. "Phil," he trumpeted, "what've you got there?"

Phil intimated that the burly specimen ought to know Pat.

"P. . . . Pat?" the other stood baffled, "but that's not . . ."

"Yes it is," said Phil, beginning to look a shade puzzled. A horrible phrase pricked in Janet's mind. "Breakers ahead!" she muttered to herself.

The burly one eyed her appreciatively for a minute, and pulled up a chair. "It'd be a pleasure," he boomed, "to thrash this thing out."

"All right," said Janet, "I'll explain."

Phil cocked an eyebrow like a worried fox terrier. "I don't quite . . ."

"I'm sorry," said Janet. "I'd better tell you the whole story, so you can pass judgment on the impostor."

Phil pushed the menu over to her. "First, don't they always give the condemned prisoner a supper with anything he wants or something?" he said.

They ordered steaks.

"To begin with," said Janet meditatively, "and for the benefit of mankind's store of knowledge, what is your definition of a 'dame'?"

"What!" they asked together.

"A 'dame,' you know, the sort of girl you mean when you say, 'I've got a date with a "dame" '——"

"Oh, that." Phil flipped a cigarette-lighter pensively for Dick. "Well, I suppose it's the kind of girl you make 'wolf-calls' at, the kind you'd like to reserve for your evenings ashore . . ."

"The kind of female that looks better in a sarong than an apron," submitted Dick jovially.

"I see," said Janet, making a note of it in her nice, efficient brain. "And what would she look like?"

They grinned at her impudently and said together: "Like you."

"Oh," gulped Janet, and opened the case for the defence. By the time the steaks had come and gone the story had been told. Somehow it didn't sound so good to her. She awaited their verdict.

Dick got up after smoking a last cigarette and clapped her on the shoulder. "Now you can haul down that skull and cross-bones and sail under your own colors," he said. "See you later, Phil."

Janet looked inquiringly at Phil. When she looked at the way his reddish hair grew straight up from his square forehead something got uncomfortable in her throat.

"Yes," he said, looking beyond her with the curiously intent gaze of men of the sea, "no pictures tonight. I meant to tell you." He hesitated. "Let's go."

He took her home. He didn't say anything. When they got inside the hall he tilted her face up to the light and looked at it carefully. "What," he said stiffly, "do you really look like?"

She smiled with suddenly stiff lips too. "Wait here a minute." She ran upstairs. When she came down again the butterfly had returned to its cocoon.

Her mouth was no longer a buttery scarlet, it was pink and hopelessly unsophisticated. She had on a black dress and depressingly efficient white collar. "And," she said hysterically, "I usually have ink on my nose!"

He laughed sharply and turned toward the door.

Janet's tongue clove to the roof of her mouth. She stammered, "I—I'm sorry . . . that you . . ."

He looked back at her uncertainly. "I suppose you found it all quite amusing."

She looked at him dumbly, and because her eyes were getting wet she reached out vaguely for her glasses to hide behind. And somehow their hands got tangled up. It seemed to take a lot of trouble to untangle them, so they left things as they were.

Presently he cuffed her under the chin with awkward tenderness. "Now you're my dame, see? And it's a permanent date!"

"Nights ashore?" she queried, grinning damply.

"I have a feeling," he said grinning back at her, "that you're going to haunt my ship, too!"

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Clear Nose and Sleep Well To-night

If your nose feels dried out, clogged or irritated, so that you find it hard to sleep—put a few drops of Evagreen Eucalyptus in each nostril and across the bridge of the nose at bedtime.

Evagreen spreads a comforting film that helps relieve congestion, letz you breathe more freely and helps you get a good night's sleep.

Enjoy the comfort and relief Evagreen brings you—to-night!

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—9d. and 1/3 bottle. At all chemists and stores.

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Insurance Companies are wise investors . . . that's why they have placed millions of pounds in War Loans.

Experts in insurance companies study constantly every possible investment. They must make safe investments . . . get good interest . . . and get their money back when they need it.

Insurance Companies don't gamble. The money they hold is *your* money — paid in as premiums. They hold it until your husband's policy comes due. Then they must have it *in cash.*

And insurance companies cannot afford to have idle money — hoarded money — cash in their vaults. Their money must earn interest 24 hours a day because the companies generally have to pay your estate a lot more than your husband paid in as premiums.

So these financial experts buy government bonds.

• • •

You will probably never know as much about investments as they do. Put your idle pounds — your hoarded pounds — your under-the-mattress pounds to work earning interest.

You can get bonds right today from your banker or the pay clerk in your factory or a money order post office. But don't lose another farthing in interest. Place your order for a bond — today.

2PY-20

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Ask your Grocer for Smorgons Steak and Kidney Pudding, Frankfurts, Sausages, Lamb Tongues, Camp Pie, and Meat Galantine

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Cause killed in 3 days

Your skin has nearly 50 million tiny seams and pores where germs hide and cause terrible Itching, Cracking, Eczema, Peeling, Burning, Acne, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Blackheads, Pimples, Foot Itch, and other blemishes. Ordinary treatments give only temporary relief because they do not kill the germ cause. The new discovery, Nixoderm, kills the germs quickly, and is guaranteed to give you a soft, clear, attractive, smooth skin in one week, or money back on return of empty package. Get guaranteed Nixoderm from your chemist or store to-day and remove the real cause of skin trouble. The guarantee protects you.

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AS a child, Jack lived in a narrow-fronted house with windows that looked across the wharves through a frosting of starched lace curtains. Every day he saw the ships of the world landing their freight almost on his doorstep and his life was coloured with tales of adventure poured into his willing ears by sailor friends. It was natural that he should go to sea when he grew up, although he found that a sailor's life was nowhere near as romantic as his dreams.

When war came, life for men of the sea was precarious. Ships which battled bravely with wind and weather now had to contend with deadly torpedoes launched from skulking submarines. From them there was no pity for men, women and children flung without warning into the freezing waters of the Atlantic or shark-infested tropic oceans.

Jack was Second Officer of a ship bringing evacuees to safety when she was torpedoed just off the Australian coast. Darkness made the saving of survivors difficult and Jack was one of the few who was landed on shore, bruised and blackened and blazing with anger against the enemy who had brought sudden death to so many helpless people.

With tragedy vivid in his mind, Jack joined the brave bunch of men who man the little ships which carry supplies and ammunition to our hard-fighting troops in the islands of the Pacific.

. . . . . .

The coast of Papua bristled with danger. Coral reefs forced the boats to hug the shore, the tangled foliage hid Japanese guns and in the air was the constant whine of Japanese dive bombers as they swooped. The fleet of little ships was the life-line of allied troops fighting for Buna. They sailed by night, carrying dangerous freight and dawn found them always fewer in number.

Then came a new task! Wounded men who would have died in the long rough trek over the mountain trails had better chance of survival if carried by sea route. Between sunset and dawn the small boats chugged along the coast, gathering up the wounded. There was no sleep for Jack. His eyes watched the sky perpetually and his heart seemed to stand still for sheer weariness, but his hands were gentle as he helped the wounded on board. Down the coast went the ship with her freight of wounded and back without pause carrying ammunition, racing the pearly glow in the Eastern sky which meant that the safety of darkness would soon end.

The first crimson streaks of dawn sent them nosing into a little creek to hide away for the day, but they nosed straight into the muzzle of a Japanese 25-pounder hidden in the trees. The shell hit square, the ammunition exploded in a tower of flame and the sea closed over ship and crew . . . just as the sun broke through the mist in the full glory of day.

. . . . . .

These men who died so bravely have gone forever, but they will always be "good blokes" to men they helped to save. There will be no monument raised to their memory but true and lasting peace is the memorial they would have deserved. Their sacrifice will not be in vain if it stirs the hearts and minds of all civilians to give everything they can . . . time, energy and money . . . in a selfless and united effort toward victory. If it inspires men, women and children to sacrifice willingly the small pleasantries of living, which can come again only when the world is free and at peace.

The makers of PROTEX soap dedicate this tribute in all pride and sincerity to the Fighting Men of all Services.

Protex is the safe antiseptic soap which lathers freely and gives efficient protection against tropical skin infections to fighting men in jungle battle areas. Protex is also the perfect all-family soap because it is safe for even the most sensitive skin.

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AT YOUR COUNTRY'S SERVICE!

"I'm doing my bit for Australia's war effort, as an approved finish for vital equipment, aircraft, vehicles, etc. It's full-time war service that 'Dulux' is giving, so I can't help you on your 'civilian' jobs at present.

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THE SYNTHETIC FINISH SUPERSEDES ENAMELS and VARNISHES

BUT—I'LL BE ON THOSE JOBS WITH YOU LATER

British Australian Lead Manufacturers Pty. Ltd.

BANDSMAN BILL HOGAN irons shirts, Kevin O'Meara puts serviettes through electrical presser.

WRINGING CLOTHES. Bandsman Bill Morna. Ship's bathroom is used as laundry.

Dhobying firm in warship

BANDSMAN Bill Hogan, of Middle Brighton, Victoria, carries on a very profitable business aboard H.M.A.S. Australia, flagship of the R.A.N.

It is known as Hogan's Lyrical Lilywhite Laundry, official dhobying firm for the ship's officers.

Dhobying is the naval term for laundering. The word lyrical was incorporated in the title because Hogan and his two junior partners are members of the ship's band.

In battle, the three, with other members of the band, man the transmitting station (T.S.), from which all fire control is carried out for the eight-inch guns.

Bill Hogan proudly says that his is the only dhobying firm in the R.A.N. which has an electrical ironer and presser. He purchased the machine from a New South Wales doctor for £100, and installed it in March this year.

The dhobying is done under most hygienic conditions. The three laundrymen wear nothing but sandals and long white surgical gowns supplied and insisted upon by the ship's Surgeon-Commander.

They have more than 60 clients. Prices for each item have been set by the Commander.

Hogan and his two partners, Bandsmen Bill Morna, 34, of Williamstown, Vic., and Kevin O'Meara, 25, of East Brunswick, Vic., work in extreme heat.

Sunk in Canberra

HOGAN, during his six years in the R.A.N., has conducted dhobying firms on H.M.A.S. Canberra and H.M.A.S. Australia. He was a member of the crew of the Canberra when she was sunk in August, 1942.

"We dhoby for all ranks from midshipmen to the Admiral, so we have to do a first-class job," he said.

"The smallest items we handle are handkerchiefs, and the largest, the wardroom tablecloths, which measure 22 yards by four yards. It takes the three of us to fold them.

"We always turn out all pockets before washing garments. It is not unusual to find sums of money which of course we return to the owners. We once found £40.

"The firm has an unblemished record. We have never burnt or scorched an article. Nevertheless, we guarantee to replace any garment that may be damaged."

When not rehearsing with the band or standing to their action stations, the three work at the laundry from 9 a.m. until 10 p.m. daily.

Bill Morna does all the washing in a porcelain bath in one of the ship's bathrooms; Bill Hogan does the hand ironing, folding and sorting; and Kevin O'Meara operates the electrical ironer and presser.

Morna receives one-third of the profits, and Hogan pays O'Meara on piece-work.

"Go easy on the story, because if my wife sees it she'll make me do all the laundry work at home," entreated Morna.

"Don't be silly; do what I did," shot back Hogan. "I taught my wife how to iron—she didn't know a thing about it when we were married."

Before joining the Navy, Hogan worked on his father's farm at Leongatha, South Gippeland, Morna was an examiner in a Melbourne clothing factory, and O'Meara was an engineer.

In the ship's military band and dance band of 16 players, Hogan plays the clarinet and saxophone, Morna the drums, and O'Meara the saxophone and violin.

NEW QUICK WAY TO TREAT INFLAMED Nose, Throat, Sores, Etc.

When applied to inflamed tissues, Edinol—a highly dispersed oil emulsion—takes up the poisons released by the germs causing the trouble and renders them harmless. This action relieves the pain of inflamed membranes of nose or throat, and of external septic conditions.

FOR THROAT. Used as a gargle with water, Edinol soon eases inflamed throats and bronchial conditions. Sipped from a spoon it brings quick relief from irritating coughs.

FOR NOSE. By sniffing Edinol into the nostrils for the treatment of nasal catarrh and antrum or sinus troubles its gentle action is taken right to the site of the infection. Benefit soon follows.

FOR SEPTIC CONDITIONS. If the skin is unbroken rub Edinol carefully into the infected part. Apply it to cuts, etc., on a piece of lint.

Keep Edinol always handy. Ask for a bottle to-day at any chemist's.

Edinol

AT ALL CHEMISTS

Product of Edinburgh Laboratories, Sydney

WIPE COLDS & FLU OFF the SLATE

IMMEDIATELY you notice the first sign of a cold, take two or three 'ASPRO' Tablets and continue taking the same quantity every two or three hours until the symptoms disappear; with the last dose of 'ASPRO' before retiring, take a hot, stimulating drink. Some people use lemon for the hot drink and some prefer whisky, while others mix the two. It is advisable, when taking 'ASPRO' for Colds and 'Flu to keep the body warmly clad in order to prevent a chill. The most important thing is to see that you have a packet of 'ASPRO' Tablets always on hand ready for any emergency. 7/44

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IS YOUR SAFE PROTECTION

3d. & 1'3 Packet. Large Family Size 4'-

HAPPY LANDINGS

ALLEYNE LESLIE TELLS YOU HOW TO DEAL WITH AN AIRMAN

DON'T gush with praise over your airman. He belongs to a service world-famous for reserve and any extravagant hero-worship is just embarrassing.

DO *remember his life is a tense one, so help him forget the combat area. Note that in any sortie with an airman a sweet soft complexion is the prelude to a wedding licence. Erasmic Cold Cream gives you a skin you can trust through any crisis. It prevents clogged pores, smooths away the little "dry" lines.*

DON'T call airmen "blue orchids." To them it's a far from complimentary term and you bet they hate it.

DO *give them their proper title and concentrate the limelight on yourself by turning up for your date looking sweet and knowing it. Follow your normal Erasmic routine with a touch of Erasmic Powder. It clings through dances, through party games and good-night kisses. And its fragrance is guaranteed to win you a fighter escort in no time at all.*

DON'T address a letter to your airman using his new rank until you're sure it's been gazetted. You may know he's in for promotion, but if it's news to the mess, how they'll rag him!

DO *follow his instructions minutely about correspondence. And improve the golden moments by using Erasmic Vanishing Cream daily until you can celebrate with "him." That's the way to smooth away little roughnesses and give your complexion the glorious finish that will win congratulations for you as well as him.*

ERASMIC Beauty Products

1/2 each

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Excuse me— INNER CLEANLINESS is most refreshing

13/4

FIRST . . Andrews cleans and refreshes the mouth and tongue.

NEXT . . Andrews settles the stomach and corrects acidity, the chief cause of indigestion.

THEN . . Andrews tones up the liver and checks biliousness.

FINALLY . . To complete your Inner Cleanliness Andrews gently clears the bowels. It sweeps away trouble-making poisons, relieves constipation, and purifies the blood.

Those inclined to "early morning blues" should take Andrews for a few mornings, then as regularly as the system needs its help. If you do this, the worrying little ills are less likely to appear, and you will notice a marked improvement in your health and spirits.

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Nylon—the world's wonder material for toothbrush tufts—anti-soggy and hygienic.

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Under these two flags sail the good ships and gallant crews of the Navy and the Merchant Navy . . . that unbeatable combination which played such an important role in preserving us from our enemies. Thanks to their dogged efforts, hundreds of thousands of fighting men, millions of tons of stores and equipment, and vast quantities of essential food supplies like Kraft Cheese, tinned meats, Vegemite, and dehydrated vegetables were safely transported to battle stations everywhere. Lines of communication were kept open . . . victory after victory made possible . . . and still they carry on in the British tradition of the Sea. The Kraft Walker Cheese Co. welcomes this opportunity to express sincere appreciation for the unceasing fine work of the Royal Australian Navy and the Australian Merchant Navy. May good luck follow wherever the two flags fly.

A TRIBUTE TO THE R.A.N. AND MERCANTILE MARINE BY KRAFT WALKER CHEESE CO.

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Food Ahoy!

TRY THESE for the Silent Service . . . fish souffle straight out of the oven with garnish of salad, and a delicious sponge gateau. See recipes for these and other good things below.

● The sailor's home from the sea . . . and he'll want a change from the plain but nourishing food served in His Majesty's Australian ships.

● Here are dishes suggested by Paymaster-Lieutenant W. J. Honeybunn, R.A.N., officer-in-charge of the Cookery School at Flinders Naval Depot . . .

YES, it's so, for those on-leave meals at home, the sailor likes finicky feminine dishes . . . little hot savories, fresh fish dishes, luscious sponge cakes, dressed with mock cream, jellies, and fresh fruits.

By the way, these dishes were prepared with true naval efficiency in the cookery school galley specially for The Australian Women's Weekly:

CHARLOTTE RUSSE

A charlotte russe is a cream mixture, moulded with finger biscuits or cake on the outside. It is easily made, and is a general favorite.

To line the mould: A plain mould is required, with straight sides and a flat bottom like a souffle-tin. First place at the bottom of the tin a round oiled paper, cut to fit it exactly. Then trim some finger biscuits, making the sides straight and cutting off one end, so that they will stand level in the tin. Arrange them evenly round the sides of the tin, putting alternately a brown and white side to the outside. They should be long enough to reach the top of the tin, and must be packed very closely together. Sometimes the joins are brushed over with a little white of egg. Instead of the biscuits, strips of sponge cake may be used. Cut the strips from 1 to 1½ inches wide, and fit them closely together round the tin. The top of the tin may also be lined with cake or biscuit, cut into triangular-shaped pieces and fitted in evenly.

Filling the mould: Almost any cream mixture stiffened with gelatine may be used for filling the inside. Below are given two different fillings, but such mixtures as chocolate, coffee, raspberry, ginger, vanilla, cream, etc., would all be suitable.

MIXTURES FOR FILLING A CHARLOTTE RUSSE

(1½ pint mould)

No. 1.—Two eggs, 1 gill milk, 1 dessertspoon sugar, pinch of salt, ½oz. gelatine, 2 tablespoons water, 1 gill double cream (or custard sauce), 1 tablespoon sherry.

Make a custard with the yolks of eggs, sugar, and milk. Dissolve the gelatine in the water, and add it to the custard, with a pinch of salt. Strain all into a basin, and add the sherry, or any other flavoring preferred. Add the whipped whites of the two eggs, and stir occasionally until almost setting. Lastly, add the cream, whipped stiffly, and fill up the prepared mould.

No. 2.—One gill orange juice, ¼ gill lemon juice, ¼ gill cold water, 2oz. sugar, ½oz. gelatine, 2 eggs.

Put the orange and lemon juice into a lined saucepan with the sugar, and heat over the fire until the sugar is dissolved. Then turn it slowly on to the beaten yolks of the eggs, stirring all the time. Return this to the saucepan, and cook until it begins to thicken. Stir carefully, and do not boil. Dissolve the gelatine in the water, and add it to the fruit custard, and strain all into a basin. When cool, add the whites of the two eggs beaten to a stiff froth, and beat the mixture until it begins to stiffen. Then fill up the prepared mould.

To Serve.—When the cream is set, turn out the charlotte russe on a glass or silver dish with a lace-edged paper under it, or a border of chopped jelly round it.

Other Decorations.—Instead of having a plain top of cream or biscuit, a charlotte can be ornamented in many ways and made very elaborate if desired. The top of the mould may first be decorated with some sweet jelly and garnished with different fruits, and this allowed to set before lining the sides with biscuits or cake. Or, after turning out the mould, it may be ornamented with royal or butter icing put through a forcing-bag. Or again, some of the inside mixture may be put into a forcing-bag and pressed out over the top of fancy forms. Meringues and whipped cream may also be used for decorating the top. Sufficient for five or six persons.

PECHE SOUFFLE, COLD

(Souffle Froid aux Peches)

Half pint peach puree, 3 or 4 eggs, ½oz. gelatine, 2 tablespoons syrup from peaches, 2oz. sugar, a squeeze of lemon juice, 2 or 3 drops carmine, chopped nuts, ½ pint cream (fresh or mock).

Prepare the puree by rubbing either tinned or bottled peaches through a hair sieve. Use a little of the syrup along with the peaches, and do not make the puree too thick. Put this puree, the yolks of the eggs, and the sugar into a large basin, stand them over a saucepan of boiling water, and whisk until it warms and thickens. Remove the basin to the table, strain in the gelatine dissolved in two tablespoons of the peach syrup, and add the lemon juice and a little carmine. Whip the whites of eggs to a stiff froth, whisk the cream until thick, and stir both these lightly, but thoroughly, into the peach mixture. Take a china souffle dish. Tie or pin a band of white paper round the outside of it in order to raise it two or three inches, pour the mixture into this, and place it in a cool place until set. Remove the band of paper either by damping it with warm water or drawing it off carefully with the aid of a knife, sprinkle the souffle with a few chopped nuts, and serve it as cold as possible.

Note: Any other fruit puree may be used in place of the peaches.

Sufficient for five or six persons.

GATEAU DES FRUITS

Utilise sandwich as in recipe. When cold, cut a generous circle out of the sponges—join the circle of sponge to the large one with some butter-cream. Mask the sides with butter-cream and coconut, or cake-crumbs. Fresh cream may be used instead of butter-cream.

Fill the centre space with a fruit salad. Decorate the top prettily with slices of pineapple, pears, peaches, etc. Garnish with small portions of varicolored jelly, and pipe an edge of cream round the top.

DECORATED SPONGE SANDWICH

Four eggs, 8oz. caster sugar, 8oz. self-raising flour, 1oz. butter, 2 dessertspoons boiling water.

Beat eggs and sugar until a stiff froth, fold in the flour very lightly, and then whisk in the boiling water and butter at the last moment. Separate into two 9in. sandwich-tins, cook gently, or for gateau may be cooked in one recess tin.

To Decorate: Make up a filling of butter cream—8oz. icing sugar, 8oz. butter or margarine, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence. Cream thoroughly.

This can be used in the centre and spread thinly round the sides; then cover with coconut or cake-crumbs. Pipe two circles—one on the outer edge and one in the centre of the top—have some piping jelly ready and fill between the two borders with jelly of contrasting colors.

ANCHOVY EGGS

Three hard-boiled eggs, 3oz. butter, cayenne pepper to taste, dessertspoonful of anchovy essence, squeeze of lemon juice.

Cut the eggs in half and remove the yolks. Pound or mix them thoroughly with the anchovies, which must be wiped and boned. Anchovy sauce can be substituted for anchovies if unobtainable. Season with cayenne, pass the mixture through a sieve, add the anchovy essence.

Cut a little piece off the bottom of each white to make it stand firmly. Fill the middle with the mixture, and serve on a piece of fried bread with a good salad.

SCOTCH EGGS

Two hard-boiled eggs, ½lb. sausage-meat, 4 round pieces of brown bread.

Shell the eggs, rub the sausage-meat through a sieve, then entirely cover each egg with the meat and slightly flatten each end. Eggwash and breadcrumb. Fry in deep fat for five minutes. Drain on kitchen paper, cut in halves, place a half on each piece of bread. Serve on a bed of salad or watercress.

DEVILS ON HORSEBACK

Six prunes, 6 round croutons, 6 pieces of very thin bacon (2in. long, 1½in. wide).

Wash each prune, put one on each piece of bacon, sprinkle over the prune a little cayenne, two drops of lemon juice. Then roll it up in the bacon. Lay each roll of bacon and prune on a crouton, put them into a brisk oven to cook the bacon. Serve very hot, dished up on watercress.

FISH SOUFFLE (SOUFFLE DE POISSON)

Quarter pound of boiled cod, hake, fresh haddock or whiting, 1 egg, ½oz. of butter or margarine, a squeeze of lemon juice, ¼ gill of milk, a level dessertspoonful of flour, salt and pepper.

Melt the butter or margarine, stir in the flour, add the milk, and cook, stirring all the time, until the mixture leaves the sides of the pan. Remove any bones and skin from the fish, divide it into flakes, and pound well with the sauce of "panada." Add the yolk of the egg and pound and mix well. Season. Whip the white of the egg to a stiff froth and fold it lightly to the mixture. Add a squeeze of lemon juice. Fill a small souffle mould three parts full with the mixture, cover with greased paper, and steam gently or bake for 20 to 30 minutes.

To dish: Turn the souffle on to a hot dish and coat with white sauce. Garnish with shrimps and parsley.

FISH CAKES

Half pound cooked fish, ½lb. potatoes, 1oz. butter, yolk of 1 egg, salt and pinch of cayenne pepper, anchovy essence.

Put the potatoes through a sieve, break the fish up very small. Put the butter and milk in a stewpan, when hot add the potatoes and fish, mix in the yolk of egg, salt and pepper. Make the mixture into balls, one tablespoonful each, flatten them into cakes, brush over with egg, cover with breadcrumbs and fry in fat.

This mixture may be made into a fish pudding by greasing a flat tin, shape the mixture as desired, brush over with egg, and bake for quarter of an hour.

CHRISTMAS PUDDING

(F.N.D. Special)

Eight ounces flour, 8oz. breadcrumbs, 12oz. suet, 6oz. sugar, 8oz. currants, 8oz. sultanas, 8oz. raisins, 1-20th pint brandy, coloring, 6oz. peel, 2 eggs, 3oz. grated carrot, ½oz. spice, ½oz. nutmeg, ½lb. baking powder, ½ pint milk, 1-16th oz. bicarbonate soda, lemon essence.

Weigh at 3lb. 10oz. to a 5lb. bowl, or should make two medium-sized puddings enough for about ten persons.

Chop suet finely, mix all dry ingredients and wet down with milk, egg, brandy, etc. Steam for five hours. When cool, if sealed down all round will keep indefinitely.

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How to Keep Fit

Keep healthy—free from constipation—with Nyal Figsen. To-night, before going to bed, chew one or two pleasant-tasting Figsen tablets. In the morning Figsen acts—mildly, yet thoroughly and effectively. Nyal Figsen is an *ideal* laxative for every member of the family. Sold by chemists everywhere. 24 tablets—1/3.

Nyal Figsen

THE GENTLE LAXATIVE

Kitchen-tested RECIPES

● These prize recipes from other home-makers are recommended as sound, seasonal, interesting.

MISS CAWLEY'S four-fruit marmalade has that tangy taste that belongs to both apple jelly and good breakfast marmalade.

It gives a fine flavor to a fruit cake or brown pudding.

Try Miss Davidson's shortening in any type of cake or pastry. It has a good, rich flavor, and makes a pastry of excellent texture.

FOUR-FRUIT MARMALADE

Three large lemons, 3 large oranges, 2 medium grapefruit, 2lb. Granny Smith apples, 12lb. sugar, 24 cups water.

Wash all fruit well and wipe dry. Slice citrus fruits very finely, removing seeds and pithy core. Cover with water and leave overnight. Bring to boil, add peeled, cored, and sliced apples, boil until all are transparent and soft. Gradually stir in sugar and boil quickly until it jells when tested. Skim the jam just before taking off fire, cool a little before pouring into jars, so that peel will be evenly distributed. (This makes 12 large pots.)

First Prize of £1 to Miss Norma Cawley, 9 Murray St., Lane Cove, N.S.W.

INEXPENSIVE FRUIT CAKE

One cup brown sugar, 1½ cups water, 1 cup fruit (currants, sultanas, etc.), 2oz. finely cut peel, 1-3rd cup dripping, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 2 cups flour, pinch salt.

Boil sugar, water, fruit, dripping, salt, and spices together for five minutes. Cool, stir in flour. Bake in greased tin in a moderate oven for about 10 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. T. Dunn, Evelyn St., Sylvania, N.S.W.

FOOD SERVED WELL tastes better. Fine table-mats on a lovely grained wood and studied lay-out give grace to this table. The Navy is home, and the hand-printed menu card and floral crown centrepiece are part of table festivities.

STEAMED LEMON CARAMEL

Two tablespoons sugar, ½ pint milk, 4 cups cake or breadcrumbs, 2 tablespoons sultanas, juice and rind 1 lemon, ¼ cup sugar, 2 eggs.

Melt first measure of sugar and heat until lightly browned. Add milk and stir over heat until sugar dissolves. Add crumbs, sultanas, lemon rind and juice, sugar, beaten eggs. Steam 1½ hours and serve with lemon custard.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Bell, c/o Mrs. Gleeson, 17 Lisson Grove, Hawthorn, Vic.

AN EXCELLENT SHORTENING

Six pounds good beef suet, 1½ pints water, 3 large juicy lemons, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda.

Trim suet and chop roughly and place in a saucepan with water, soda, and rind and juice of lemons. Cook very gently with lid on pan until all fat is extracted, about 2 hours. Strain into basin, and when set pour off any water from bottom. Use for pastries, biscuits, and cakes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss B. Davidson, c/o Miss Cunningham, 122 Edwin St., Croydon, N.S.W.

Elasto

REGISTERED TABLETS

FOR BLOOD, VEINS, ARTERIES, ETC.

What is ELASTO? . . . What can it do for me?

Here are the Answers!

If you suffer from constant unnatural weariness; if you are the victim of chronic pain resulting from poor blood circulation or a devitalised blood condition; if you have varicose veins, piles, rheumatism, skin complaints or similar troubles — **Elasto, the wonderful new Biomedical treatment, can bring you speedy relief.** "How can that be", you might well say, when so many things have failed . . .

Here is how ELASTO works

It has long been realised that these conditions are frequently the fault of the blood condition or circulation, and the amazing success of Elasto is due to the fact that it goes right to work at this source — **it revitalises the blood.** Suffice it to say here that Elasto is not a drug but a vital cell-food. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables nature to assist elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries, etc., and so re-establish normal, healthy circulation without which there can be no true healing. Nine times out of ten the real trouble is bad circulation.

This is more fully explained in simple language in a free booklet — see offer below.

What users of ELASTO say:

The fact is that no ailment resulting from poor or sluggish circulation of the blood can resist the action of Elasto. Here is what a few of many grateful users have said:

"No sign of varicose veins now."

"Completely healed my varicose ulcers."

"'Elasto' has quite cured my eczema."

"My doctor marvelled at my quick recovery from phlebitis."

Send for FREE Booklet

Simply send your name and address to "Elasto", Box 1552 E, Sydney, for your FREE copy of the interesting "Elasto" booklet. Or better still, get a supply of Elasto (with booklet enclosed) from your chemist today and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes. Obtainable from chemists and stores everywhere. Price 7/6, one month's supply.

Elasto will save you pounds!

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Stop it quickly, too, with Bisurated Magnesia. As soon as it reaches your stomach, Bisurated Magnesia neutralises those excess acids which set up fermentation and irritate the membranes. Bisurated Magnesia checks the stabbing pain, relieves that "full" feeling. BISURATED MAGNESIA (trade mark "Bismag").

At all chemists and stores.

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BISURATED MAGNESIA "BISMAG" BISURATED MAGNESIA

SAXA *The most popular packet salt*

YOU'LL GET IT AGAIN—WHEN PEACE COMES.

No need to fear TROPICAL DISEASE

By MEDICO

"DO you think there's much danger of tropical disease in Australia after the war?" asked Mrs. Giselle.

Well, Mrs. Giselle, let us tick off the troubles that we've had in New Guinea. First there is malaria. Thousands of our soldiers have been infected by fighting in one of the most malarial jungle areas in the world.

We know that the anopheles mosquito is widespread throughout Australia; but fortunately the special kind of anopheles which spreads malaria in New Guinea is only found in Cairns, Cape York, and in parts of Northern Territory.

The swamps in Cairns have been brought under control by the Army, and there are strict rules governing anyone who has been in a malarial area going to the Northern Territory.

For the rest of Australia, although there is a remote possibility of an isolated case of malaria occurring in someone who has never been in a malarial area, there is no danger of an epidemic.

If there had been such a danger, it would have been obvious by now.

All our soldiers are thoroughly treated for malaria before they leave the Army, and although an occasional relapse can occur, these will be few.

The next danger is hookworm. This is usually spread by insanitary habits in "makeshift" latrines and improper disposal of human waste. The eggs of the worm hatch out from the waste in wet earth. The worms usually enter the body through bare feet. With proper sewage disposal, and proper floored latrines, the risk of hookworm infection is negligible.

The danger of tropical disease is as nothing compared with the danger of typhoid fever, plague (spread by the fleas of the rat), dysentery, and tuberculosis.

The danger of these diseases arises, not from the tropics and the duty of our soldiers therein, but by a poor health interest on the part of the people of Australia.

(All names fictitious.)

HOME GUARD OF HEALTH

IT'S a family affair! Young and old alike derive substantial benefit from the concentrated goodness of SAUNDERS' MALT EXTRACT—plentiful supplier of those health-giving vitamins, minerals, and Amino Proteins rarely included in average diet. So start the family on SAUNDERS' MALT now—and watch the improvement.

If your chemist or store cannot always supply, remember Red Cross knows its value too, for convalescing soldiers.

SAUNDERS' MALT EXTRACT

Builds Strength — Aids Digestion

TIRED EYES

A drop of **Murine** in each eye will soothe, cleanse and refresh. Ask your chemist.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Good Foods Aplenty

Heinz still cook good foods aplenty—but the Services have first call.

Yet that does not mean you can't get Heinz. True you may have to ask repeatedly and you will not find the old, generous variety. But supplies of Heinz Tomato Sauce and Heinz 57 Beefsteak Sauce *are* available.

Troops first! That has to be Heinz Wartime Motto.

HEINZ

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Help Australia control the spread of Tuberculosis—the enemy within our gates! Support the Anti-T.B. Association in its £50,000 Appeal. In N.S.W. the Association has helped nearly 130,000 sufferers in 10 years. *Give generously now!* Send contributions to the Honorary Treasurer, 33 Macquarie Place, Sydney.

The Anti-T.B. £50,000 Appeal

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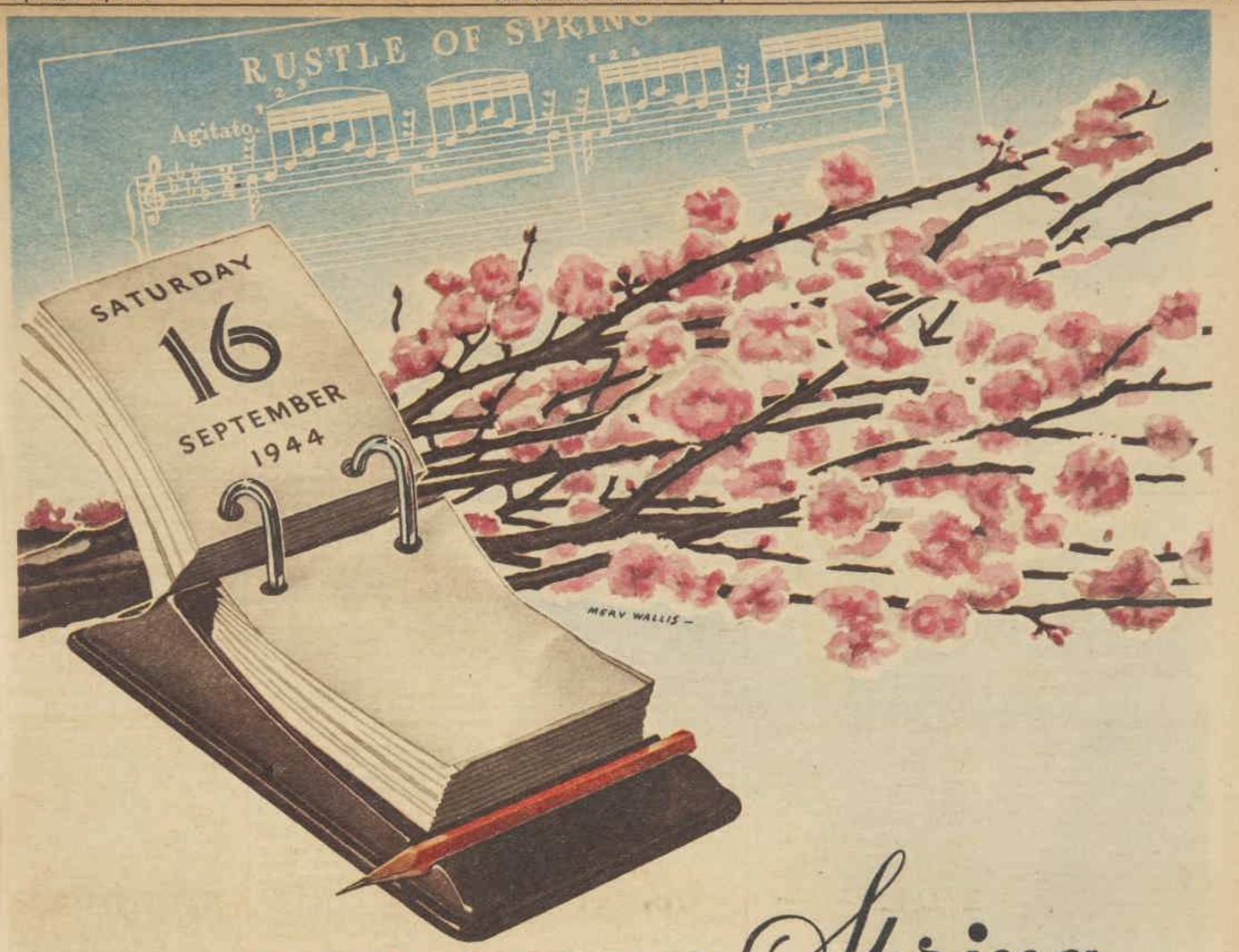

SEVEN DAYS TO *Spring*

Seven days to Springtime, and everywhere already is pictured the colourful and stirring beauty of new life unfolding in our warm sun after wintry months.

Symbolic and rich in promise of fruitfulness is the pageantry of blossomtime in home garden and orchard, yet this promise may never be fulfilled, for the brief but glorious period between bud break and petal fall is critical.

Pests as well as buds awake to life in Spring, and against their menace, growers must be prepared. Defence is the best method of attack, and the grower opens the battle by girdling tree trunks with sticky compounds which prevent wingless moths crawling up to lay their eggs in twig and branch.

When trees are dormant, he sprays on winter-wash (tar oil distillate) to destroy insect eggs.

Pests which escape are met by a barrage of fungicidal sprays and wetters, and spreaders are used to assist sprays to stick evenly. Lead arsenate and other chemicals may be used as stomach poisons for beetles and caterpillars, nicotine sulphate to kill sucking insects, other preparations to control the fruit fly.

In the fruiting season, pests meet a dusty end from derris or nicotine powders.

Even windfall or pre-harvest drop of fruit is prevented with phyomone spray containing synthetic hormones.

Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter, in home garden or orchard, the grower relies on the chemist in industry to help him produce fruit without blemish and in full measure, and thus provide vital food for the Services and the home front.

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Health and Freedom from CRUEL ACHES & PAINS

(LIVING ADVERTISEMENT)

Mrs. Mollie Neimann, via Maldon, Victoria, found in R.U.R. the answer to a life of pain and torture, and now she writes:—

"Having benefited so much by your treatment for Rheumatism, I am only too happy to help you to continue to carry on the good work you are doing. To bring back health and freedom from the cruel aches and pains of Rheumatism, etc., is truly a divine gift, and I lie easy in bed at night now and thank God that I was advised to take your R.U.R.

"I am one of your living advertisements."

R.U.R. owes its success to the common-sense nature of its eliminative and toxic-removing properties. It has achieved many recoveries equally remarkable as that of Mrs. Neimann. It is the only treatment which at the same time contains a laxative, liver stimulant, kidney cleanser, blood purifier, and acid corrective. R.U.R. is therefore truly a five-fold treatment, praised by thousands. R.U.R. is bound to do you good. 4/- and 7/6 at chemists and stores everywhere.

Take R.U.R. and right you are

A Deal's a Deal

Continued from page 5

"YOU, captain, put water on fire!" the officer yelled, coughing. "Hurry, please! What is it burns?"

"Can't see," choked Porpoise, and he grabbed the hose nozzle and pulled. "Suppose you bring that light lower!" He hauled some of the hose down, and the officer, after a moment's hesitation, started down the spider ladder.

Porpoise said, "Ah," in a very gratified way, and smashed his scantling into the officer's face, so the little man screamed and fell heavily below. I jumped him and grabbed his gun, while, managing the hose with amazing dexterity considering his bulk and condition, Porpoise hauled it and himself through the hatch and jammed the brass nozzle hard into the face of a Jap who was just bending over to look down.

By the time I got on deck with Wong Fong behind me, someone had turned on the water, and Porpoise was washing half-drowned Japs right and left into the scuppers.

It was all a madhouse in the starlight. Some of the Japs had been asleep and, in any case, with the smoke billowing out and the water splashing round and Wong Fong and me hitting right and left at anything that moved or squeaked, even a man with his full senses would have had a hard time straightening things out. There was an ungodly lot of yelling from midships now, too, where Timkins and the others were pouring into action, and some shooting started.

Porpoise clawed free from the smoke after a while and let his hose spray over the rail while he got his breath.

"That seems to 'ave fixed our lot," he decided, seeing only Wong Fong and me on our feet near him. He had a revolver stuck in his waist and another in his free hand, while the scantling was tucked under his arm. "But Timkins seems to be 'aving trouble. You c'n always trust Timkins."

He led the way toward the bridge and ran into a scared Jap in the alleyway. He slammed him with his gun and pushed him aside for me to finish, and went on up the bridge companion, where the head Jap was standing and shooting wildly.

Porpoise threw his scantling and caught him square on. The gun went off somewhere over my shoulder, and I fell flat, thinking I was shot. By the time I came out of the fog it was mostly over. Porpoise was sitting on the unconscious Jap.

I rescued Timkins from a furious Wong Pong, who was jumping on him, mistaking him for a Jap, and I hauled him to where Porpoise sat.

"They reports they got the wireless shack safe, Bill," he informed me. "An' Timkins' men in the engine-room jumped their guards as soon as the commotion up here started 'em running round, startled like. So that's that." He heaved to his feet and tossed the Jap officer into the chartroom, where I found there were two other yellow men, unconscious also.

"Get 'em all tied up, Bill, an' toss 'em in the forepeak. We ain't taking no chances on them finding bulkhead doors. Timkins, 'ave your wireless man send out an S.O.S. for a warship. We'll turn things over proper. Think you'll make a good mate in steam, Bill?"

"I hadn't thought of it," I said.

"Why?" And then I remembered as he chuckled.

"I got me a ship, Bill. She ain't the old Annabelle, but she'll maybe do."

"You wouldn't hold me to it, Porpoise," pleaded Timkins. "I wasn't myself down below there when you talked me into such a thing. You wouldn't take the Koomaloo."

"A deal's a deal," said Porpoise indignantly.

"But four quid!" moaned Timkins. "Four quid for a ship! It ain't human, Porpoise! Listen. We been chums a long time, Porpoise——"

"Which is news to me," Porpoise observed. "You was figuring right along if things went right I'd get big 'earted an' forget the deal. Nothin' t' lose, and you might squeeze clear, riding in my wake. Well, it don't go. If I 'ad the Annabelle now——"

"Well, maybe you still have," said Timkins eagerly. "Didn't you say the Jap told you she wasn't sunk yet? Likely enough went on the shoals, and is still resting there. There ain't been no sea worked up yet, so she'd be in shape. I'd lay it even, she's proper salvage right now."

"I dunno," said Porpoise dubiously. He scratched his chin and looked at me.

"Look!" choked Timkins, pawing forward to grip Porpoise's arm. "My old cobber! Here's what I'll do. I'll take you back to see how the Annabelle is. Then you can fix her and I'll help pull you off if she's stranded. Whatever the Koomaloo can provide, she will."

Porpoise grunted. "Well," he said, "a deal's a deal—but I'll be generous. I'll have you on, Timkins." His big face creased into a grin, and he gave me a wink. "Fact is, you see," he explained, "I ain't particular, but it's just more'n I could bear to get round the ocean in this tin can of yours!"

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ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

Do not overtax baby's brain

By SISTER MARY JACOB

DO you realise that your baby's brain grows more in the first year than in the following twenty years, and more in the first two years than in the whole of the rest of life?

Having been told this, you will realise that it is of the utmost importance that the rapidly growing brain must not be overtaxed in this vitally important period.

Over-stimulation often causes excessive vomiting and digestive troubles, and difficult nervous habits, so you must protect your baby from undue noise and excitement, and see that you establish a regular daily routine from the earliest days of life.

A leaflet telling of the dangers of over-stimulation has been prepared by the Mothercraft Service Bureau, and will be forwarded if a request with a stamped addressed envelope is sent to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

Careers for GIRLS & LADIES

Here is YOUR Opportunity to help fill the places being vacated by men. STOTT'S can prepare you—successfully—in the privacy of YOUR OWN HOME. Without any obligation whatsoever. SEND THE COUPON for particulars of any of the following courses:

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STOP THAT COUGH THAT HACKS AT YOUR CHEST!

Three-way benefit for colds, bronchitis or sore, red throats.

Get MOUNTAIN MIXTURE to-day, and from the first dose you will feel that it is doing you good. Let the warming, penetrating thymus, carrageen and peppermint in this proven triple-acting remedy stop that rampling, hacking cough, soothe your sore, red throat, and ease your breathing. Get blessed relief in a matter of minutes. Buy MOUNTAIN MIXTURE to-day . . . under a guarantee that you get these benefits or your money back.

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Mountain Mixture REGD. PEPPERMINT

COTY

You are promised for after the war more and more beautiful and useful articles at cheaper prices . . . motor cars, radios, refrigerators, aeroplanes.

Coty, for 50 years leader in the creation of exquisite cosmetics and the rarest perfumes, is now preparing to offer you, in the post-war era, ever better, rarer and more lovely aids to beauty and charm.

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WHO'S TELLING WHO?

WE'RE NOT TELLING YOU! We're not asking you to take our word that Modess is softer. We want you to listen, instead, to what thousands of American women told us!

10,000 WOMEN ARE TELLING YOU! More than 10,000 women all over America were asked to feel two napkins and choose the softer. One was Modess—the other was the napkin they'd been buying. 3 out of every 4 voted Modess softer—softer than the napkin they had been buying.

SO SIT UP AND TAKE NOTICE! If you, too, are using another napkin, this verdict ought to startle you into trying Modess. Take a tip from these women. Get Modess next time you buy napkins. See for yourself if you've been missing out on extra comfort.

SPECIAL NOTE. Modess production is dependent on raw materials from overseas. As such supplies are often delayed, it is likely that at times you may not be able to get Modess—We assure you that such shortages are not the fault of chemist or store, but due to uncontrollable war conditions.

3 out of every 4 voted...

Modess SANITARY NAPKINS softer

Product of Johnson & Johnson—makers of Johnson's Baby Powder, Soap and Cream, Tek Toothbrushes and Band-Aids.

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Adelyn WINTER COATS

for Quality!

(Style No. 546)

The Adelyn Winter Coats are styled for service by expert designers—and not only are the very best quality fabrics used, but even today each garment is finished with the thoroughness associated with the name Adelyn.

The coat illustrated above is made in half-tie belted style, with figure fitting back. It's fully silk lined, and showing in a range of popular colours, in X.S.S.W., S.S.W., S.W., and Women's fittings. And in every coat be sure to

Always look for this label

Adelyn

Jersey for a stout-hearted sailor

• It's a real bluejacket's garment; knit him one. Made from oiled wool, this jersey protects the body against damp and biting cold.

A SAILOR cannot say, "I think I'll take to my bunk to-night, mate, the weather's not so good . . ."

It's up to you to help him, so make him a jersey like this one—it will protect him, keep him warm in bitter weather.

Materials: Patons Marine Knitting Wool (oiled). (This is the only wool which should be used.) 26oz. Beehive knitting needles, 1 pair each Nos. 4 and 8 (for an average knitter); 1 pair each Nos. 5 and 8 (for a loose knitter); 1 set of four No. 8 with points at both ends.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 24in., or length desired. Width all round at underarm, 40in. Length of sleeve from underarm, 19in., or length desired.

Tension: To get these measurements it is absolutely necessary to work at a tension to produce 3¾ sts. to the inch in width.

THE FRONT

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 76 sts.

1st Row: K 2, * p 1, k 1, repeat from * to end of row. Repeat this row 19 times. Using No. 4 needles, proceed as follows:

1st Row: Knit plain.

2nd Row: K 1, purl to last st., k 1. Repeat 1st and 2nd rows until work measures 16in. from commencement, or length desired, ending with a purl row. Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of each of next 2 rows. Dec. once at beg. and end of needle in every alt. row 3 times. Continue without shaping until work measures 21in., or length desired, from the commencement, ending with a purl row. In next row, k 22, turn.

Work on the first 22 sts. as follows:

Decrease once at neck edge in every alt. row until 19 sts. remain. Work 7 rows without shaping. Shape for shoulder as follows:

1st Row: K 1, purl to last 6 sts., turn.

2nd Row: Knit plain.

3rd Row: K 1, purl to last 12 sts., turn.

4th Row: Knit plain. Cast off.

Slip the first 14 sts. on to a spare needle, and work on the last 22 sts. to correspond with the other side.

LEADING-SEAMAN TREVOR EVANS is the bluejacket above. He is wearing the jersey specially designed for the men who go to sea. L/S. Evans hails from Llwynypia, Wales. He likes Australia and Australian girls. Recently he married Pte. Joan Miller, A.A.M.W.S.

THE BACK

Work exactly as given for the front until the armhole is reached, ending with a purl row. Cast off 6 sts. at beginning of each of next 2 rows, then decrease once at beginning and end of needle in every alt. row 3 times. Continue in plain, smooth fabric until the armhole measures the same as front armhole, ending with a purl row.

Shape for the shoulders as follows:

1st and 2nd Rows: Work to last 6 sts., turn.

3rd and 4th Rows: Work to last 12 sts., turn.

5th and 6th Rows: Work to last 18 sts., turn.

7th Row: Work to end of row. Cast off.

THE SLEEVES

Using No. 4 needles, cast on 20 sts. Work in plain, smooth fabric, casting on 2 sts. at end of needle in every row, until there are 60 sts. on needle. Continue in plain, smooth fabric, decrease once at beginning and end of needle in 7th and every following 8th row until 48 sts. remain.

Continue without shaping until work measures 22in., or length desired, from the commencement, ending with a purl row.

Using No. 8 needles, proceed as follows:

1st Row: K 2, * p 1, k 1, repeat from * to end of row. Repeat this row for 3in. Cast off. Work another sleeve in same manner.

THE COLLAR

Sew up shoulder seams. Using the four No. 8 needles, knit up 20 sts. across the back of neck, 20 down the left side, the 14 sts. from the spare needle, and 20 sts. up the right side of neck. Work in rounds of (k 1, p 1) for 5in. Cast off very loosely.

TO MAKE UP

With a slightly damp cloth and warm iron, press lightly. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves, placing seam to seam.

Baby and I are getting on wonderfully now. Ford Pills are so gentle and effective that they are worth their weight in gold.

For nursing mothers Ford Pills are just right because they don't cause griping, they don't flavour mother's milk or upset baby and they are a gentle and effective laxative. Ford Pills contain the concentrated extracts that give you the valuable laxative properties of fruit that keep you well in Nature's way.

Start a course of Ford Pills to-day.

Get Ford Pills in the new Red-and-Gold unbreakable tubes for 2/6 and 1/- everywhere.

2/6 tubes hold more than three times the 1/- tubes.

FPI

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Murder In Tow

Continued from page 27

THROUGH the half-open door she said in a tired, hiccupping voice, "I'm sorry. We're both all-in, Corinne and I. I can't ask you in."

"I just want to ask one question, Bundy. Did you ever see this before?"

He drew his wadded handkerchief from his pocket and unveiled the green fountain pen he had found. If it had been a venomous green snake she could not have shrunk back in greater terror. For a moment her eyes could not move from his hand. Then they lifted slowly to his face.

She whispered, "Where did you find that?"

"Do you recognise it?" It was a needless question. Appalled acknowledgment flamed from her.

"It looks like Grandfather's."

She didn't offer to touch it. She cringed away from it as if it had life of its own and might speak terrible, accusing words. Bill was shaken by the extremity of her terror. He had been positive she knew nothing about the crime. Now, against his inclination, he was being forced to admit he might be wrong.

"Bundy," he said gently, earnestly, "if you are holding back anything—any knowledge of what happened—for heaven's sake tell me now. I want to help you. But I can't if you won't be honest and open with me."

Half-way through his words she began shaking her head. He couldn't tell if it was denial or revulsion. But she whispered fiercely: "No. No. I know nothing. I—— Oh, where did you find it? Please tell me. Please. You've got to. You've got to tell me."

Her last agonised entreaty undid the impression her first words had made. Blind wilfulness seemed to share the frantic fear in her eyes. He was positive she knew something and would die sooner than reveal it.

He tried once more to win her confidence, but she refused. Covering her face with her hands, she began to cry in the heart-tearing, quiet way a child does in despair.

"Please, Bundy. Don't. It doesn't help. He's gone."

"I can't seem to stop." Then she dropped her hands. "All right. I'll try." She forced her lips into a ghastly parody of her lovely smile.

Bill hung on to the door with white fingers. That childish defencelessness mixed with courage was hard to resist. He told himself, she's Steve's. She doesn't need you to comfort her. Keep your neck in and avoid a lot of trouble.

He uttered some inanities about getting a good night's rest and went out to his car. He sat there in the dark, staring at the house for five minutes before he drove away.

At the police station he turned over the pen to the police. Luckily there were no newsmen about. It was delivered without delay to the finger-print expert.

Bill drove out, followed by a police car, to the possible scene of the crime. They parked the cars some distance away in order to inspect the place without arousing any interest in the neighborhood.

The officers agreed with Bill that this could have been the spot where the actual killing took place. He left it to them whether to have it watched for the possible return of the criminal.

THE clock struck five. Soft apologetic strokes. Bill stirred irritably on the couch in the Paige living-room.

His side had started aching so viciously it had wakened him at dawn. He had spent the rest of the day being an invalid. A letter had come that morning from a pal in the Michigan State Police. Among other news it suggested:

"If you want to know more about Jason Tollman why don't you ask his cousin, Mrs. Abby Gillam?"

Bill recalled Mrs. Gillam's pretense of not knowing Tollman when they had seen him on the pier. He did not want to reveal his knowledge of their relationship by attacking her openly about it. He felt he might learn more if he went about it more subtly. How to do this occupied his mind as he rested.

"It's just the rain coming that makes your side ache," Mrs. Paige had assured him. "Your uncle Harry's leg used to hurt horribly whenever a storm was on the way."

"Why doesn't it rain, then, and be done with it!" Bill found inaction of any kind hard to endure.

But the weather couldn't make up its mind. Neither could Mrs. Gillam. She wandered nervously about the house after lunch, hoping the rain would spend itself before it was time for her to go to her Red Cross class that afternoon.

The police had telephoned and informed Bill they had found an identifiable thumbprint of Tom Peckham's on the pen. They were much gratified. Bill asked not to have his name brought into the case if it could be avoided. If there was any credit to be attached to his contributions he made them a gift of it.

Shortly after three, Mrs. Gillam finally made up her mind to go to the Red Cross class. She remembered that soldiers do not stay away from a battle on account of rain. There were other highly moral sentiments. Bill gasped with relief when at last a taxi bore her away.

Suddenly, with a roar that made his unsteady nerves leap, the rain began in its abandoned, tropical way. Bill went to the window and watched the silvery melting of his range of vision. Even the opposite shore of the bayou was blurred. It was surprisingly dark for twenty past five.

The rain was so thunderous on the porch roof that the telephone rang twice before Bill heard it. He yawned and went to answer it. He had to strain to catch the voice at the other end of the wire.

"Louder, please."

"I can't." It was a whisper made sibilant by terror. "Lieutenant French, is that you? Help me. Please. Quick."

"Bundy?" Bill gasped.

A queer mooing sound like a cow bawling from a distance came over the wire, muffling her voice.

"Bundy! Where are you?"

"I'm down here——" Again the words were drowned in that peculiar moaning sound.

"Where are you? Tell me, quick."

"I'm down—— Oh, don't—— Help—help——" The connection snapped in the middle of a faint scream.

To be continued

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IN ENGLAND they say that in time of grave national danger, the sound of Drake's Drum can be heard above the wind in the channel . . . calling the sea-dogs of Britain to sweep the invaders from the seas as they did four hundred years ago.

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